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CHRONICLE

The War.—The capture of Warsaw, the capital of Russian Poland, on August 5, came at the end of the first year of the war, as the crowning achievement of the German arms. The Bavarian troops, after forcing the Russians to abandon their fortresses along the Blonie line, due west of Warsaw, led the way into the city, under their leader, Prince Leopold. The Russians fell back across the Vistula to Praga, and destroyed the three bridges across the river.

*Bulletin, Aug. 3,
a. m.-Aug. 10, p. m.*

The German campaign, however, has not ceased with the fall of Warsaw. The Germans have in view the further object of either capturing the Russian army or else driving them to a base of operations far inland from East Prussia, and so crippling them as to render them useless for months to come. For this purpose they are trying hard to close in upon the retreating Russians from all directions of their immense line which circles around from the Gulf of Riga on the far north, west to Warsaw, and south to the Bug River on the border of Galicia. The city of Riga has not been taken by the Germans, but according to reports is being evacuated by its population. Most rapid and successful is the advance of the German army north of Kovno; already they have passed Poniewicz, which is seventy-five miles from their objective Dvinsk on the Warsaw-Petrograd railroad, the northern line of the Russian retreat. South the progress is slower; the fortress of Kovno continues to hold out against General von Buelow's army, but is in danger of being flanked by the advance toward Dvinsk, and General von Gallwitz and General von Scholz, only after a long and desperate resistance,

succeeded in piercing the defenses on the north of Lomza. Serock, at the junction of the Narew and Bug, falling soon after, they pressed forward to the Lomza-Ostrov-Wyszkow line, seven miles from the Petrograd railroad. The strong fortress of Novo Georgievsk, at the junction of the Vistula and Narew rivers, nineteen miles northwest of Warsaw, is wholly invested by the Germans, but the Russians continue to hold it as a check upon the German pursuit; and by bombardment from Praga, which fell later, they for a time delayed the Germans from crossing the Vistula.

Ivangorod, the principal defense of Warsaw on the south, was captured by General von Woyrsh. Thereupon he was able to join forces with the Archduke Joseph Ferdinand and General von Mackensen in their steady drive north of Lublin and Cholm, for the railroad between Warsaw and Moscow, by way of Brest-Litovsk, the eastern line of the Russian retreat. They have reached Lubartow, within forty miles of this railroad. The Germans are using airships to bombard the railroad sheds at Novo-Minsk and Siedlce along this line.

The British note, in reply to the remonstrance of the United States Government against the British Order in Council of March 15, was published in this country on August 4. With it were published two other notes, in defense of the rulings of the British Prize Court, and of the decision in the Neches case respectively, but these merely reiterate the doctrine of the main note.

*British Note
on Blockade*

The new British note shifts the ground of its defense of the Order in Council from "retaliation" pure and simple, to retaliation by methods in themselves justifiable. It argues that its method of blockade, as specified in the Order in Council, constitutes "no more than an adaptation of the old principles of warfare to the peculiar circum-

stances with which we are confronted." The British contention may be stated as follows:

The one principle which is fundamental and has obtained a universal recognition is that by means of blockade a belligerent is entitled to cut off by effective means the sea-borne commerce of his enemy.

They (His Majesty's Government) are unable to admit that a belligerent violates any fundamental principle of law by applying a blockade in such a way as to cut out the enemy's commerce with neutral ports, if the circumstances render such an application of the principles of the blockade the only means of making it effective.

The two Governments are exactly opposed in the interpretation of the principle of the right of blockade, the United States restricting it within certain bounds, so as to safeguard "equality of sovereignty upon the high seas" in transporting "innocent shipments to and from the United States through neutral countries to belligerent territory," and Great Britain extending it so as to guarantee in the first place the success of her blockade.

The German reply in the Frye case, published on August 5, denies the contention of the United States Government that the sinking of the William Frye was a

*German Reply
in Frye Case*

treaty violation and therefore outside the jurisdiction of the Prize Court. At the same time it offers to pay indemnity, "not as satisfaction for the violation of American treaty-rights, but as the duty, or policy" of the German Government, or refer the case to the Hague.

Petrograd reports a naval engagement in the Gulf of Riga, in which a German fleet of nine battleships and twelve cruisers and a large number of torpedo boat

Other Items

destroyers were repulsed. Artillery fire and hand grenade attacks are going on incessantly along the western front, especially in Artois and the Argonne and in the Vosges around Lingekopf. The British report that they have retaken their lost trenches near Hooge. On the Isonzo the Italians are still struggling fiercely for the possession of Goritz. They have captured more trenches on the Carso plateau and have drawn their lines closer around the Austrian stronghold. The reports from the Dardanelles are meager and show no decided gains for either side.

France.—The Catholics of France, with their traditional charity, are making systematic efforts to care for the victims of the war, and to help them to reconstruct their lives. Immediate

Wounded Soldiers surgical and hospital service are taken for granted. The amputation of legs and arms, and the bandaging of ghastly wounds, are a part of the routine of war and fall to the ordinary military staff. The more trying and more difficult task of caring for the wounded during the period of their convalescence is a greater problem, and is engaging the attention of the French women, who have taken on themselves not only to provide crutches and similar necessities for those who

have been discharged from the hospitals, but have opened their homes and obtained quarters for the sick and the weak in the country, where fresh air and good food are doing much to restore them to health. Nor is this all. Efforts are made to enable the blind to accustom themselves to go about without a guide, to read by touch, and to maintain themselves without becoming permanent wards of public charity. This is the work that is engaging the sympathy of men and women all over France. The Marquise de Chambrun, writing to a friend in the United States, gives a case which, although not exactly typical, is still an example of the problem with which the French people, and especially the French gentlewomen, are grappling. The case she reports is that of a mere boy, who through the bursting of a shell received thirty-seven wounds, one of which necessitated the amputation of the right leg, and another resulted in total blindness. This boy, apparently a hopeless cripple, will later be taught how to read with his fingers, and will be exercised in a trade. René Vallery-Radot, the friend of Pasteur, writing in the *Petit Parisien*, makes a special appeal in behalf of the soldiers who went out so bravely in answer to the call, and have come back so soon, doomed to the darkness of unending night. He speaks for the Association of which he is the President, which is called "The Friends of the Soldier-Blind," and is devoted exclusively to the care of those whose sight has been given as the price of the defense of their country. Not the least part of the work of the association is to lead the blind little by little to the awful realization that never again will they look into the eyes of mother, or wife or child, and after the truth has been told, to help them not to be broken in spirit, but to take up their burden with courage. Nor does the work of the association stop here. M. Ridot enlarges on the efforts that are being made to aid the blind soldiers to learn a trade and become proficient in it; so that not only may they return to their families, but be in a position, blind though they be, to found a home of their own. Many kinds of work are open to them. The association of which M. Vallery-Radot is president helps them learn to make baskets, brushes and shoes, become *masseurs*, and acquire the trades of printing, typing, and so forth. The telephone business is also under consideration. Those who have a talent for music are helped to cultivate it. Distractions and amusements are provided to vary the task of learning to read and write according to the Braille system.

Germany.—The signed statement on German financial and economic affairs given to the Associated Press by the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury sums up the existing conditions, at the end of the

*The "Prosperity
of War"*

first year of war, in five points. First, the British starvation-plan has failed. Second, Germany will never lack raw material. Third, the specter of unemployment has been banished since there is more work than workers. Fourth,

as far as finances are concerned, Germany can carry on the war for a long time. For this contention the following demonstration is offered:

We produce in our own country practically everything needed for war. Thus expenditures for war purposes resolve themselves into savings. These again are at the Empire's disposition, as payments on the war loans, and deposits are flowing into the banks and savings institutions more plentifully than in times of peace. The total deposits to-day, after more than \$3,000,000,000 have been paid on war loans, is higher than at the beginning of the war. The gold reserve of the Reichsbank has almost doubled since the war began.

Fifth, the confidence of the German people in the financial strength of their country is as unbounded as their confidence in its military superiority. There is, however, another phase of the economic situation to be considered. It shows how war, even under these extraordinary conditions, brought about by German genius for organization, is a dreadful economic waste. Thus, in no carping spirit, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* writes:

Our productive labor has in good part shrunk away, while millions of the most skilled men are now diverted into the manufacture of war supplies. And what we make is no longer productive good which till now meant new values and an enlargement of our national wealth. Where we formerly built houses, factories, machines, canals, merchant ships, now we produce only war material of every kind; the work of our hands disappears in the air as powder and lead. We are using up our resources, our capital. We save, but we create no new reserves.

Germany can in all probability carry through the war, as the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury states, without any danger of absolute economic or financial disaster, but the cost is great, as indeed it is for every one of the belligerent nations. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* sanely remarks: "Unless reason comes to the countries of Europe, we are steering for European bankruptcy." Germany may have succeeded in "wringing prosperity out of the war," but it is a prosperity accompanied by a waste which will ultimately prove a severe strain.

Great Britain.—The first anniversary of England's declaration of war was observed by numerous public meetings, at which speakers pledged the nation to an unrelenting pursuit of victory. The

Anniversary Day sentiments expressed are reflected in this editorial of the *London Times*:

Great Britain and her sister nations have borne the ordeal of the first year of war in a manner to which our descendants may look back with pride. We have made unprecedented sacrifices, have endured many vicissitudes and suffered many disappointments. The end is still remote. Yet with one accord this great union of free democracies faces the situation, and with rising courage. Nowhere is a whisper of doubt to be heard, not a shadow of irresolution. With quiet determination we have made up our minds to fight to the last. This struggle has taught the Allies many lessons, but the most vital of them is that England must win or lose forever her high place among the nations of the earth. The revelations made in the papers issued by the various Governments, and still more the unheard of methods with which Germany is conducting this war, have burned into their minds the knowledge that German victory would mean the irretrievable ruin of England and with it the downfall of European

civilization. Between the civilization of England and the civilization of the German State there exists a gulf that is impassable. One represents democratic ideals of righteousness and human fellowship, the other the annihilation of the individual before the supreme right of the State. Nothing can reconcile the two. One must succumb to the other. We are determined that it shall not be the one upon which the greatness of our race has always rested and upon which our noblest hopes depend.

Each belligerent nation has declared itself guiltless a dozen or more times, but the mad chariots of war still continue to crush thousands beneath the wheels.

Ireland.—In his fifth lecture at the Gaelic League of Ireland Irish Industries Depot, (624 Madison Avenue, New York City) Mr. J. L. Fawsitt first outlined the nation-building work that awaits prosecution by the Irish Industrial Associations. By their conferences, their

Industrial Development

exhibitions, their journals, such as the *Leader*, the *Irish Industrial Journal*, etc., they have begun the industrial regeneration of the country. But the battle for the full possession of Irish markets is not yet won. Ireland unnecessarily imports annually goods to the value of \$175,000,000, no better than her own products. All Irish consumers are not devoted supporters of Irish manufactures. An influential section of the people is not yet convinced that it is practical patriotism to buy Irish goods, and that by so doing, they help not only their country, but themselves. Many Irish manufacturers are lacking in commercial enterprise and efficiency, and have not yet grasped the meaning and the value of scientific advertising. Producers do not mutually support one another. And finally voters need to be trained to send into the new Irish Parliament as their representatives Irishmen fully alive to the necessity of developing the nation's latent resources.

The lecturer then considered how the Irish in America may assist in this constructive work. The men and women, he contended, who voluntarily leave Ireland, are a loss to Ireland and the Irish race, by cutting themselves and all their potentialities from their people. The best service of the Irish exile to his country is to return, if possible to Ireland. Emigration should be discouraged, for Ireland needs every one of her children, if she is to work out her destiny. The financial help of the Irish in America is needed for the cause. And the exiles must help that cause by loyalty to Ireland's language, traditions and ideals. They must carry themselves in this the land of their adoption as the equals of the various races that are building up the prosperity of America. In conclusion Mr. Fawsitt exhorted all to win the respect of the world by their upright and honorable lives. Their first duty was to America, their next to Ireland. He suggested cooperation with the industrial revival, pointed out a few practical ways of furthering it, such as the purchase of Irish goods, and the organization of an Irish Chamber of Commerce to foster and encourage trade with the United States. The lectures of Mr. Fawsitt have been of the

highest interest and educational value. They should produce lasting and beneficial results.

Mexico.—The nation is still on the cross, but there is a slight hope that the nails may soon be wrenched from the wood and the bleeding body taken down. During the

An Important Conference

week a conference was held looking to the pacification of the country; the conferees were Secretary Lansing, the Ambassadors of Brazil, Chili, Argentina, the Ministers from Bolivia, Uruguay and Guatemala and Mr. Paul Fuller of New York. The sessions began August 5 and were suspended temporarily August 7, probably to give the Latin-Americans an opportunity to communicate with their Governments. At this writing the plans under discussion are not known. Carranza showed his usual pique over the conference, and issued the customary manifesto, which was substantially as follows: (1) The suggestion that a new and impartial man take my (Carranza's) place emanates from the enemies of the revolution or from ignorant people who assume that, after the work of the army is done, all that is necessary is to call an election. This is a trap set by the reactionary elements; (2) The vital work of the revolution remains to be done after the army is in undisputed control, for reforms will then be promulgated as "war measures" by a military decree drawn up by the chief (Carranza) of the military forces; (3) This done, elections will be held; Congress will then convene and I will submit to it all the laws decreed by me as military chief; Congress will probably ratify these reforms, and thus the revolution will come to an end. Congress will be the chief power of the nation, and government under the constitution will be resumed immediately. Those who know Mexico and Carranza will smile at this manifesto; its sum and substance is: I, Carranza, intend to be President, Congress, constitution and everything else, and decent Mexicans, the vast majority of the people, may make the best of it. Later in the week the First Chief petitioned recognition from the United States, through his attorney in Washington, and from the same source came an announcement that two of Carranza's agents in our capital would "be glad to confer with representatives of any element of the Mexican people with a view to furthering the common interest, the peace and the welfare of the nation." This with other similar statements is taken to mean that Carranza will not step aside for any cause whatever. If this be so, a lasting solution of the Mexican problem is impossible, for these words of General Hernandez are absolutely true: "I tell you this, that the supporters of Villa, or of Carranza, or of Zapata are no more representative of the wishes and aspirations of the millions of citizens of my country than the pick-pockets and thieves of New York city are truly representative of the ideals of all the people of this city."

Meantime the problem has been further complicated by the recall of the Brazilian Minister to Mexico, who for some time represented the United States, the expulsion by

Carranza of the Minister from Guatemala, who was ordered to quit the country within 24 hours, and numerous raids by Mexicans, on ranches in Texas, which necessitated the placing of several companies of United States infantry at different places along the border, to protect the lives and property of American citizens. The outcome of all this is not clear; it is certain, however, that most Mexicans want peace, and that the Carranzistas want victory and domination at any price. This last statement is made certain by an unofficial telegram sent by Constitutionalists from Vera Cruz, wherein surprise is expressed that any interference with their plans should be contemplated, now that victory and peace are in sight.

Spain.—An important event in the Catholic life of Spain has been the successful Liturgical Congress just concluded in the Benedictine Abbey of Montserrat. In its inspiration and organization, and

Liturgical Congress

in the language used, Catalonia played an important part. The congress was presided over by the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Ragonesi, assisted by the Archbishop of Tarragona and five bishops. The liturgical functions were carried out in all their perfection in the presence of 2,000 people. Of the three sections composing the congress, one was devoted to historical studies, another to works of the sacerdotal ministry, the third to Gregorian chant. Scholarly papers and addresses discussed the liturgy from the historical, dogmatic, musical and archeological standpoint. In the closing speech of the three days' sessions, the Nuncio resumed the discussion and eloquently dealt with the liturgy as an educative force for the intellect, the will and the imagination of the people. The Archbishop of Tarragona read a telegram of loyal adhesion to the Sovereign Pontiff and proclaimed amidst the general enthusiasm that the faith of Spain and Catalonia was as strong and immovable as the rock-ribbed mountains of Montserrat. The entire audience closed the splendid gathering by the singing of the "Credo" from the Mass of Pope Marcellus. The congress has borne permanent fruits, first in the translation of the Roman missal into Catalan, published at the abbey and presented to the Nuncio; secondly, in the series of practical resolutions adopted. These resolutions summarize the drift and purpose of the proceedings. They emphasize as of vital interest the fact that the faithful should take as close and intimate a part in the liturgical ceremonies as their fathers did in the Middle Ages. The participation of the people should be complete; they should follow the texts, join in the chant, etc. As the Mass is the center of the liturgy, the faithful should share in it to the utmost extent, internally and externally, by communicating at the Mass, by considering themselves co-celebrators with the priest, by not occupying themselves with anything else but the great Sacrifice. To promote the aims of the congress, the liturgical books of the Church should be widely translated for use among the people.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

"The Rights of the Child"

THE expression "the rights of the child" has, I believe, been traced to Victor Hugo. There is some question whether it was not used before him by that fond lover of his children who was willing to have them committed to a State institution, Jean Jacques Rousseau, but certainly the French poet-novelist first emphasized it to such an extent as to make it one of the shibboleths of his generation and give it the prominence it has had in our time. It has sometimes been said with a good deal of pride that this is "the period of the child" and that there never was a time in the world's history when so much attention was paid to the children nor so much done for them. Perhaps the old saw that it is better not to pay much attention to children is accountable for the fact that in spite of devoted attention to children for the past two generations, there is far from universal satisfaction with regard to children's progress and distinct dissatisfaction because of their persistent exhibition of traits that make them particularly unamiable. It was of our American child that a German visitor to this country said, not long ago, that "while American mothers were so lovely as almost to disarm any criticism, their children were so impossible as to make one wonder whether, after all, this very amiable mother must not be responsible for it." On the other hand, an American said, not very long ago, that "there is just as much obedience as ever in the American family, only now the parents obey the children instead of the children the parents."

Manifestly the doctrine of "the rights of the child" is bearing fruit. Quite as manifestly also childhood is not to be marked by any of the qualities such as submission, and those other traits that used to be considered so praiseworthy in the young. Any one who knows Victor Hugo's career even a little would not be likely to think that his teaching, or any initiative that came from him, could possibly foster respect for authority during his long life, for he was always the enemy of discipline and subordination. His talks to his children consisted in urging upon them the importance of liberty, that wonderful word that every one uses and so few understand.

Hugo's youngest child died in a Paris sanitarium the other day. Perhaps her notorious career was due rather to some irrational elements in her make-up than to anything else, though her unfortunate conduct was of a form that surely was made much worse by the lack of training in self-control in her childhood. After the death of the English officer, with whom she ran off, she sank almost to the lowest depths of infamy, and it is clear that her misfortune was accelerated and accentuated by the defects of character consequent upon the teaching that "the liberty of the individual" and "the rights of the child" were the most important factors for conduct. Certainly,

Victor Hugo suffered enough from the divagations of his children to give him pause in his preaching with regard to "the rights of the child" and "not breaking the children's spirits" and "letting the individual develop according to his nature," phrases which have acquired popularity from his writings and yet are condemned so strikingly by what happened to his own children as a consequence of this teaching.

In spite of the failure of such training in his own children he brought up his grandchildren the same way, and almost needless to say, even more effectively spoiled them. He left a provision in his will, I believe, that on pain of disinheritance, none of his grandchildren should be married by the Church. They must have no religion. Two of his grandchildren, Georges Hugo and Jeanne Hugo, have been the spectacle of Paris for years. While I was making my medical studies in Paris twenty years ago, the Leon Daudet-Jeanne Hugo divorce was the topic of acute interest. The details of the event were impressed upon me, for the younger Charcot, Jeanne's second husband, was my special professor at the Salpêtrière when the divorce was granted, and I recall that Jeanne's brother, Georges, took sides with Daudet against his sister, and on one occasion publicly insulted her at the Comédie Française, with the result that he was thoroughly drubbed in the foyer of the theater by young Dr. Charcot. Dr. Charcot afterwards became the center of interest for Parisians as a consequence of Jeanne Hugo's social improprieties, to use the mildest possible term, and then went on that expedition to the Antarctic, in which he did such good work. At the time it was said that he would not be sorry if he should never return to Paris, and indeed there was the feeling that his one idea was to get as far as possible from home.

I have sometimes wondered then, whether Victor Hugo or Solomon was the better teacher in the care of children. Of course, Solomon is dreadfully old-fashioned, and who would now dare to say, "spare the rod and spoil the child"? This is the age of the child and the children must have their own way. Well, the Victor Hugo children and grandchildren had their own way and exemplified very well their paternal relative's teaching.

As a sort of contrast to all this, I was talking with Mr. Wilfrid Ward during his recent visit to America, and the question of the training of the Huxley children came under discussion. Huxley, though himself an agnostic, had insisted that his children should be brought up Anglicans, with the firm teaching of religious principles. His reasons for doing so, as he explained to friends, was that there are periods in the lives of young folk when they need all the help that religion can give. If they wished to make a choice afterwards when they were mature enough to be able to judge for themselves and should choose to accept his agnostic position, well and good, but in the meantime it seemed not only better, but eminently advisable for them to have religious training. Huxley and Victor Hugo represent directly opposite

poles in a great many things, but particularly in this matter of religious education. The lessons of their experience seem worth while recalling.

We have probably done an infinite amount of harm to children by all this specious talk about "the rights of the child." Children have been spoiled and made only childishly happy for the time, but their possibilities of happiness for the future have been sadly impaired. For happiness consists not in having many things, but in having as few desires as possible unsatisfied. Happiness is reached not by multiplying the desires, but by limiting them, and from very early years controlling and suppressing them and making ourselves understand that there are many things we do not need, a great many things that we can get along better without. By practising such self-control it is not only possible, but even easy to come to a point where there is actually a satisfaction in self-denial and a joy in feeling that there are so many things that other people seem to think that they need that we do not need, making them dependent while we are independent. This is not merely the doctrine of the Saints, but some very worldly minded sinners who think seriously. Goethe, not likely ever to be canonized, said, *Entbehren sollst du*: "Thou shalt deny thyself," to have life at its best.

Such a state of mind, however, can only come from thorough early training. Religious training is best for this, but it is only thorough if it is not limited to the years of childhood, but carried through all the period of youth up to maturity, so that discipline and not liberty is made the watchword of education. That doctrine is, however, so different from most of the teaching now, that I suppose it will be scouted as "old fogyish." There are a large number of families like the Hugos brought up in disaccord with that old-fashioned doctrine, which prove that not only parents are made very unhappy by the lack of self-control in their children, but that the children themselves for whom so much happiness is planned, are set straight on the path toward unhappiness and made quite incapable of any genuine satisfaction in life because they lack the discipline of mind and heart, which enables them to accomplish the things that bring satisfaction.

The supreme right of the child in each generation and the only right worth while talking about is the right to the best direction that its forbears can provide, in order to enable the boy to avoid the pitfalls in his path. The child has not only a right to happiness during its younger years, but to happiness during life, and that can only come from habits of self-control in youth. To learn these habits may require a good deal of self-denial and many limitations of personal liberty. As has been well said, however, the greatest limitation of personal liberty ever framed is the Ten Commandments. Much of present-day talk with regard to limiting the liberty of the individual and above all much of what is said with regard to the right of the individual to happiness neglects this great set of limitations which in spite of their denying quality, really make for happiness in the end.

There is entirely too much talk of "the rights of the child" and too little of the duties of life. Happiness comes from a fulfilment of duty: the earlier the practice in that begins the better. Children can enjoy this practice, if it is properly arranged for them, just as they can enjoy the exercise which they must go through in order to form their muscles, though such exercise always involves a great many pains and aches. Any one who tries to save a child from these achy discomforts consequent upon exercise by limiting its activities, simply hampers its development. In the moral order in almost exactly the same way a certain number of exercises that are nearly always difficult and never easy and pleasant must be gone through in order to form character. To have these provided for it is the right of the child, and it is this that its elders in their wisdom must as far as possible secure for it and not the indulgence of its inclinations, which gives only passing pleasures, but no real satisfaction, and does not, moreover, tend to real happiness in life.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

The Proofs of the Past

IF ever you have occasion to read one of those monuments of history which Western learning produced in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries you will note in it certain features contrasting strongly with whatever great modern historical work you may have come across. You find the writer concerned with facts as facts and with theories as theories. Often he is only concerned with the facts. He simply wants to find out, and, when he has found out, to tell. He is proud of his learning, but he is also proud to give you the basis of it. If he is out for a theory he defends it as a theory, nearly always with the violent personal note which in controversy is an *admission* that one is defending a theory.

Again, he is very accurate, he is *very* accurate in things susceptible to just judgment. He is correspondingly careless in his guesswork. Often his theories will be quite wild and sometimes ludicrous, but it is as theories that he puts them forward, not as a body of teaching dogmatically affirmed and to be dogmatically accepted. That kind of affirmation he keeps for things on which all men will agree when they see the evidence. He is correspondingly naive in setting down all the evidence he has. If his chronicler talks of "an innumerable host," down it goes as innumerable, even though it comes oversea in three boats or lives for a month on the supplies of a small country town. If his chronicler gives him the names of seven kings at the origins of Roman history down they go all in order and as simply real as contemporaries might be. And who knows they weren't? Finally, he has the note of giving you *all* he knows, and there is an air about him which suggests that the evidence is limited.

Our great modern historical works are in quite another spirit. They are written, invariably, to maintain a theory.

They select an average fact in support of that theory. They affirm the theory before it is proved, during proof and after proof. They are either indifferent to accuracy in measurable things, or they omit the measures altogether; and they are correspondingly exact upon spelling, repetition, lists. They suggest that the evidence behind them is indefinitely large in extent and they refer one to it in a host of highly abbreviated foot-notes which are hardly intended to be controlled. Finally, they dogmatically affirm, with the object that it may be as dogmatically accepted, not the thing on which all would agree, could all see the evidence, but just these other things on which there is doubt and in which, therefore, one's success in suggestion is dependent upon not taking one's reader into one's confidence.

Now it is evident, upon the face of it, that this tendency in modern historical work promises a grave danger. It imperils truth, and how practical that peril, though of academic origin, may be I will consider in a moment. But first let us examine why such a mood has come to exist in the great modern historian. Note you, it does not exist in the humble text-books. These propagate falsehood honestly and concern themselves straightforwardly with what they have been given as facts, and their humility is no small part of the peril we run. It is the high priests of modern history who show symptoms of that disease which substitutes hypotheses for certitude, and what they would wish for what they know. How did they catch that disease and why does it flourish in them?

The first cause was undoubtedly the immense accumulation of material. There was too much to tell upon the old lines. Parallel with this went the advance in range of experience which physical science enjoyed, and enjoyed, remember, through the constant and successful use of hypotheses. Unfortunately, both the expansion of learning and its rapidly divergent lines of research produced a third thing which has nothing to do with the learning and is rather an enemy to it. It produced the opportunity of mumbo-jumbo than which nothing more powerfully perverts, as by an appetite, the fallen race of man. The physical scientist could say with justice to the reader: "Only a few of us, and I am one, have had the training and the time to examine these things, you have had neither: you must take this truth from me." Once let that power be accepted, and the temptation in the learned to abuse it and in the vulgar to worship that abuse is very strong. Short of a balance they will both yield to it.

Now that balance, paradoxical as it may sound, existed in the practice of religion, false or true: I mean in the acceptance as true of a number of teachings upon matters which could not, of their nature, be discussed from experiment. Such an acceptance satisfied the appetite for authority; by a sort of reaction it left men far more ready to question assertions made in the temporal sphere. You have but to watch the mind, learned or simple, cultured or uncultured, which accepts some dogmatic system on transcendental matters to see how it works in its treat-

ment of evidence on mundane matters: it has proportion. This phenomenon has, I repeat, nothing to do with the truth or falsehood of the transcendental system. I am examining the matter not as an argument for religion, a phrase with no meaning unless we postulate *which* religion, but as a human happening. It is true that men who have lost their old shrines will turn to worship at some new ones, just as it is true that a man who has lost his taste for wine will replace it by some other beverage. He must drink. The new learning, and its ministers were there to play the ritual part and men, in the loss of the old authority, grasped at this new one. Nowhere was the new spirit more powerful than in the science of medicine which, changing its dogma every twenty years was infallible all the time. It was powerful in every academic field and in history among the rest.

But here a man may well ask, what is the harm of it? "The doctor's replacing the priest is an active peril. He may have us all hurt ourselves and our society badly and then, at the next change in his infallible doctrine, it may be too late to go back. But what harm can the same false spirit in history do?" This harm: that men can not help arguing from the past; it is their object lesson in politics. It is the exemplar. So strongly do men feel this that, quite illogically, the man who would most change some institution in society has the strongest appetite for proving that in a remote past his novel proposal was the rule. See how keen the Communists are to prove some fancied original community of land. Note how the polygamists, an increasing heresy among us, cling to a strange clotted myth of "primitive marriage customs." Observe the Asiatic historian in Lombardy to-day, marked under an Italian name, one Ferrero, and "proving" that the might of Rome was based not on arms, but on usury, a comfortable doctrine! All these men instinctively claim history for a foundation and, in our morals as in our laws, our particular policies, domestic and foreign, true history strengthens the State. False history weakens it. We all know with what grave anxiety England must now regard her future. It is true to say that no small part of our perils is due to the grotesque fictions of "racial" superiority, of original "free and germaine" institutions, of "later dominion," economic rather than military in its basis, with which the governing classes were fed at the universities for two generations. Such phantasies in the place of truth divorced its victims from Europe and went counter in their effect to the whole stream of civilization. They warped the vision of Christendom. They lent false strength to vain things and hid the powers of things alien but strong. The liquidation of such deficits in the intellectual account of a ruling class is always a perilous and often a catastrophically disastrous operation.

If it be asked what remedies we have, the answer seems to be that of general remedies we have none, except a change of the mind of society; but we have particular remedies which each reader can use for himself, and that is to consult the first-hand evidence on any point he is

concerned with. Such evidence is to-day easily obtainable in a thousand reprints.

A few years ago an official Oxford historian published a little book on our ancestors of the Middle Ages. It was a cheap issue and intended for a wide and popular circulation, which undoubtedly it attained. In this manual he was careful to describe that odd and, as he told us, utterly exploded thing called the Christian Faith. He gave it to his readers in detail lest they should remain ignorant of an institution so fundamental to his subject, and yet now so long perished that they could find traces of it only in the books of the learned! Well, in this pontifical description of the fossil he omitted all mention of the Incarnation and did not so much as use the two words "Jesus Christ!"

In a time and place where balderdash of that texture can pass for history and, well, there is no general remedy save a general change of the mind. But the particular inquirer, troubled and doubtful as to this don's authority, might have corrected that history by consulting such early documentary evidence of the old doctrine as is contained in the New Testament. Much of it is nearly contemporary.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

Women and Peace

PERHAPS it is too early to look for far-reaching results from the recent pair of international conferences, held by women in the interests of peace. The seed they sowed has indeed not yet had time to blossom, but certainly sufficient to sprout. Apparently it has not even sprouted, however, and, most likely, will not. Why?

If we consider the seed and the soil, we find both so favorable that the lack of germination, at first blush, looks strange. What could be nobler than the resolutions which have been passed at these two congresses? They embody a vehement, though sane, protest against a slaughter which, if prolonged, will end in the murder of civilization. Most commendably our women seekers of peace saved their arraignment of war from being a mere string of platitudes, by preferring suitable remedies for the catastrophe. The world knows well that it needs concord, but is not exactly aware how to get it. The Hague conference essayed to do some excellent teaching. Its monitions that justice be made the basis of settlement of the European contention; that neutral nations combine and consistently exercise their mediatory influence upon the belligerents; that the principle of arbitration be embraced by every world-power and, if any are unwilling to adopt it, that moral, social, and economic pressure be brought to bear on the recusants: all these, and their several kindred suggestions, constitute a common-sense emollient, if not specific, for the great misadventure of modern times. An intellect would have to be considerably below the average not to find wisdom in the bulk of the women's expressed views.

Too, these women's meetings were not anachronisms. The war, of course, is still in its infancy; but so many

horrors have been gorged into the brief period of twelve months, that the world is already appalled and dreads to see the monster grow. Attempts to stifle it should be welcomed in every quarter of the globe. Governments are tired, whether they admit it or not, of hurling \$20,000,000 a day into the bloody maw of death. The world's business brain is insulted, criticism gloomily indicates that whatever can be ultimately gained by any nation will be inadequate to what will have been lost by all. Already men's eyes have closed to the novelty, glamour and excitement of the contest; their breasts are torn with disgust, dissatisfaction, and despair. Certainly the peace-endavors of women could not be ill-timed at a juncture when Mars has become so intensely hated and feared; assuredly the bleeding heart of humanity was well prepared by sorrow to receive profitably such a message as the last sapient one which the Hague has transmitted.

To be sure, no nation cares to depart from the contest ingloriously. But women judiciously informed them how they might all do so with honor. Why then were the voice of Berne and that of the Hague not listened to? Why were they in so many quarters vulgarly laughed at? Why goes war still savagely on, without even a hint at cessation? Why are the two congresses, convened at such inconvenience, seemingly fruitless? As the fault is, to all seeming, not particularly with the soil or the seed, it would appear to be especially with the sowers themselves.

Modern woman has introduced so much discord into human affairs that naturally she is ignored, or, still worse, sneered at when she registers a protest against discord. She has wriggled out of the conventions with which time and man's tenderness sacredly bound her sex; plunged into the world of action; swum for the goal of "equal rights"; practically attained it: only to lose, or at least to impair, her world-influence. Placing herself on a level with man, she ceased to be an object for him to look up to. Becoming his equal, she ceased to glow on his imagination as a star. She is not such an inspiration as she was. Had the two women's peace-assemblies been composed of good old-fashioned silver-haired mothers, whose great aim in life had been sons for God and the State, and not suffrage for themselves, Berne and the Hague could not but have been religiously heard. As it is, the votes-for-women and women's-liberty crescendo, so long and stridently ringing, has exceedingly fatigued the ear of the world; men are too weary to listen, even though it is now being exploited in the cause of calm.

Why is it women have not realized that, in their so-called servitude, they were more powerful directresses of men's lives than they are today or, if they keep "advancing," ever will be? A drop from the twentieth century into the Middle Ages is a rather long one, but it is warranted in a criticism of the excesses of modern woman. In those "days of old," girls were sheltered enough to have the charm of coyness; women were home-loving enough to be ideal mothers and to be content with being such. Yet they had power, plenty of it. The

hedgments which men placed about them were not, and were not deemed, barriers, but protections. Guarded in the sublime position to which Christianity had reared them, women could lose none of the dignity with which God has invested the delicate possessors of life's vessel, the mightily weak weavers of racial destiny. What more could a woman wish for than the greatest gift which man could give: his devotion? Since his life was hers, what a powerful force she must have been in its moldings! The Church exalted woman; woman exalted man: no wonder the world was then godly!

But now the age of chivalry is only a mist, largely dissipated, at that, by the torrid sun of modern, fervid, social ambitions. Advanced women have voluntarily discontinued being pedestaled goddesses. They have notably ceased to act as the helpers of men, animated by an all-consuming desire to be helpers of themselves. It is extensively forgotten that, while to physically superior man naturally falls the duty of protecting woman's body, to more finely-organized woman logically devolves the office of directing man's heart. During most of the past century, the world of men has more or less felt the need of a mother's, a wife's, influentially gentle, virtue-filled hand; while, of late, it has been having its ears soundly and almost incessantly boxed by suffragettes' fists. Real homes have become really rare. For a home can not be, without a whole-soul woman; but women have largely torn themselves from domesticity and ejected the better part of their energies into the great outside tide of life. Drowning was inevitable.

The hearth has always been woman's safeguard and man's inspiration. That gone, the foundation of society is unsteady. Decidedly the morals of men have weakened during the decades which have been devoted to woman's "emancipation." If one tithe of the stories which are wafted to us from beyond the sea be true, the primeval brute is to-day again moving to the ascendent. Could this, war or no war, possibly be, if woman had remained at man's side as his soul-help-meet, and not run ahead of him as a suffragette? As a house is apt to be chaos without a woman's touch, so is a man's life.

Women might protest that in raising their status, they have had no desire to lift themselves out of a man's life but rather into it. The fact remains that by stepping into it, they have lost their influence over it. Man knew and honored woman when she stayed in her own sphere; he sees her only as a stranger when she invades his. He realizes too well the demerits of his own world and was inclined to imagine woman's the realm of perfection. Frankly despising the seaminess and sordidness of the scenes with which he comes in daily contact, can he esteem woman when he finds her serenely floating in them? Can he any longer think of her as perfect when he jostles her, shoulder to shoulder, in an exposed life, to whose evil allurements he himself has not infrequently been weak enough to succumb?

No; while woman has been gaining in ostensible power,

she has been losing in prestige, and consequently in real power. Without man's confidence, her social abilities are in a knot. For he is, and by nature, always will be the sex regent. The best she could ever hope for would be to aid the world by helping him; but by antagonizing him, she has greatly forfeited her chance to succor the world.

It is the thoughts which woman inspires in man rather than the words which she speaks to him, that rule male conduct. Hers is intrinsically a moral influence. But can women conscientiously say that, particularly of late years, their selfishly aggressive measures for more power, notwithstanding that man had given them the sweat of his brow and the unstinted devotion of his heart, have been calculated to edify and stimulate his soul? Can they, who have turned a whole century sour with their bellicose demands for greater "liberty," expect to be listened to the first time they call for peace?

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

Compulsory Silence

THE British recruiting sergeant undoubtedly knows his limits in the matter of martial ardor when summoning "slackers" to the colors. He feels that if he bears upon their supposititious "lily livers" by frankly stating some of the superimposed conditions of conscripted service, he is merely using a perfectly legitimate psychological implement for the purpose of rank-swelling. Outside the London Law-Courts, for instance, a hospitalized hero explained that in the event of compulsion the additions to the army secured by that measure would, more or less justly, be subject to inferior status in the eyes of the volunteer soldiers. "We'll see they get their taste of the German shell-fire," were his exact words, with perhaps the omission of the letter "s" in "shell." This seems quite reasonable for a gentleman fighter's attitude. He, the speaker, had left a wife and family in Dublin, gone through the purgatory of the trenches, and returned minus half his right hand. A man in that position must feel piqued when he sees scores of able-bodied youths, more obligated than himself to their country's service, not volunteering to go, preferring, in the classic phrase, to "let George do it." Yet further inquiry reveals extenuating circumstances. Out of the twenty military-aged men who attended the wounded soldier's harangue, two were American citizens, twelve were "rejects," and three were employed in government work. This left three "slackers."

The orator provided the means of discovering these facts. He pointed out the men in the crowd with his walking stick. An orderly approached them, with a request to step forward, and they underwent catechizing in full sight and hearing of the bystanders. This is one of the salient methods employed by the recruiting authorities. Like all the others in vogue it has an ugly feature for the man not in the service, and forms a most attractive pastime for those already wearing His Majesty's very utilitarian uniform. These are secure from random insult, and can gratify that inevitable human relish for the misfortunes of peers. The "slacker" must take his medicine which just now is on every side in very liberal doses.

All over London the call to arms is heard, and from the general sprinkling of khaki-clad figures at every turn it would be unsafe to say that the young men are not generously responding. Admiration is the suitable tribute paid by all classes of ineligible to the men who have lined up in the critical fight, and naturally too many have gone to extremes

against the "slacker." There is, undoubtedly, a type of Englishman as there is a type of every country's manhood, or alleged manhood, which cannot be stirred to patriotism, because an insufficient proportion of red corpuscles in the blood makes agitation impossible. If conscription is prescribed for such it can benefit the country little. Exhortations from even the most eloquent of Established clerical throats can not rouse their souls to fervor, any more than yeast could aerate lead. The women of England, in their quiet, punctilious manner, have found the only effective way of making these chaps smart is by talking of nothing but war in their presence, and praising deeds of other men. This feminine propaganda penetrates the thickest-skinned.

Yet there are many excellent people who have taken to the plinth with loud calls for conscription and the round-up of the "slacker." As a rule the gentlemen who make the most noise in this direction are farthest removed from the scope of military eligibility, but this must be courteously considered to be only an incident. Where the trouble enters, however, is in the general effect these "gloom gospelizers" produce. They are certainly not tending to sustain the sturdy British spirit in these dark days of the war, and whatever impetus they accord to the army roll is not without drawback in the smoldering anger they induce in the breasts of thousands of half-willing recruits, which may recoil on innocent heads after the war is done and the excited gentlemen settle down to their tea with the smug assurance that the little isle is still right, and a good deal tighter.

From statements of reliable witnesses "slacker-baiting" once reached the proportions of a popular sport in British society of all grades, except the very lowest, where the "slacker" is unknown, and the very highest, where he is practically ostracized. Now the hysteria is stilled, excepting for an occasional vent from some book-bound amateur journalist, aroused from Winklian slumber to the alarming discovery that England, while indomitable, is not invincible and that the German power is indeed force. Yet the impression veritably smites the new observer that Britain is put to it for men, which is not really the case.

The appeals posted throughout England are excellently lithographed, and well edited, saving occasionally some stale catchwords and poorly disguised threats. The shirking youth of England are intimidated with the loss of feminine favor, and the women of England are asked "Where their boys are," and other questions of a personal nature calculated to arouse the Boadicea spirit. In short, the traditional English reserve is being assailed officially, for recruiting methods and literature are direct in principle and inconsiderate in argument. The young man is told plainly to enlist because he is wanted. Solicitors in uniform button-hole him. He cannot escape the call. The conditions of enlistment are quite generous considering the crisis, and the hint of compulsion pervading the studied words of the multitudinous advertisements sounds a warning to the negligent that government may tighten up on its purse-strings to late-comers.

A hundred morals could be picked from the recruiting campaign. The outstanding conclusion is that no matter how great and glorious, abstract and transcendental an empire may be in times of peace, a death-grapple with a mighty competitor will gather in the straggling ends of dominion and make what was universal quite domestic, render the chasms of class quite negligible through the medium of common interest, and tend to reduce the puffed unsteadiness of a grand imperial chaos to a compact mass of fighting force.

There seems to be no question that Britain is thoroughly aroused to her need; that she is obtaining every recruit she can equip, for the streets and public gardens and places bear testimony to the rapidity of numerical enlistment, if not of

equipment. Some sort of industrial conscription to guarantee the production of high-explosives and other necessities will probably be introduced. All classes of men who cannot serve are "doing their bit" in arsenals as errand boys or skilled mechanics. Desire to help is the average Britain's position. The threat of compulsory service has been so thoroughly dinned into the "slacker's" ears that he is choosing the lesser evil of voluntary enlistment, as the only alternative to the callous cry of certain stern employers, "Serve or Starve." Therefore it strikes the observer that Britain's best measure would be to extend her able censorship to the tongues of the ineligible militarists, and, while war is waging, demand compulsory silence.

JOHN B. KENNEDY.

"Assumpta Est Maria"

THE cloistered life, like every other form of vigorous and progressive vitality, has its trials and growing pangs, and they are many. It also has its compensations: they, too, are many. One of these compensations, one of these privileges, is to stand daily in the choir of the monastic church as the afternoon sun floods the outside world and pours in a many-hued stream through the painted windows; one of these compensations, part of the promised hundred-fold, is to stand at the hour of None, being at peace with the world, with men, and with God, and to sing those words ascribed to St. Ambrose, which will be sung so long as the Church exists on earth:

Largire clarum vespere
Quo vita nusquam decidad.
Sed præmium mortis sacræ
Perennis instet gloria.

Grant us, when this short life is past,
The glorious evening that shall last,
That by a holy death attained,
Eternal glory may be gained.

The afternoon, the None hour of the year is August, and it was in August that Mary passed into the *clarum vespere*, the glorious evening of her Assumption into heaven, into the eternal sunshine of the Beatific Vision. The very word is eloquent of her triumph. *Adsumo*: "I take to myself," and God took her to Himself on the day of her Glorious Assumption, on "Lady-Day-in-Harvest."

It must be a never-ending source of wonder to every student of the Sacred Liturgy of the Latin Church to note with what exquisite skill and artistic judgment the Church has placed in the Divine Office a spiritual pageant on the great holydays. The story of the harvesting of God's Mother bursts out with a glad anthem at First Vespers of the Feast of the Assumption: "Mary is received into heaven; the Angels rejoice; and praising they bless the Lord. . . . The Virgin Mary hath been taken into the celestial bridal chamber where the King of kings sitteth upon a starry throne." So she passes into heaven, with the choirs of Angels bearing her company. In her passing the imagery of the Divine Office puts in her mouth the words of the prophet: "In all these I sought rest, and I shall abide in the inheritance of the Lord. Then the Creator of all things commanded and said to me: and he that made me rested in my tabernacle (and he said to me: Let thy dwelling be in Jacob, and thy inheritance in Israel, and take root in my elect)."

Mary is now to sing her Magnificat before the face of God, and as she reaches up towards the Eternal Presence there breaks on her ears the anthem that ushers in her own canticle on the earth, just as she is her own anthem to her everlasting Magnificat in heaven. "Virgin most wise, whither goest thou, rising gloriously like the dawn? Daughter of

Sion, thou art all beautiful and comely, fair as the moon, clear as the sun." And while she hastens on her way, the angelic hosts crowding the battlements of heaven look out to behold her, and they, too, raise the mighty shout: "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array." And, as if in answer to this question, the whole company of Angels and the redeemed, in heaven and on earth, send back as an echoing reply: *Exaltata est sancta Dei Genetrix super choros Angelorum ad caelestia regna.*

So Mary has passed into heaven, where, crowned as its Queen, the Sacred Liturgy flings at her feet one last tribute, *Salve Regina*, and so the pageant of praise is completed.

O Queen of Heaven surpassing fair,
All pitiful beyond compare,
Mother of mercy, hear our prayer.

O Life in earth's short weary ways,
A Sweetness shedding pity's rays,
O Hope of everlasting days.

Lo! through a vale of tears we roam,
Sighing, we weep, oft-times we moan,
Eve's children exiled from their home.

Turn, turn, O advocate thine eyes
Of mercy on us, nor despise
Our tears, our sorrows, and our cries.

In contrast to the Breviary Office, which presents more the dramatic aspect of the festival, the Mass of the Assumption shows itself to be of a mystical or symbolical character. The Introit, with appropriate variations, is found in other Masses. "Let us all rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival day in honor of Blessed Mary the Virgin: for whose Assumption the Angels rejoice, and praise the Son of God." "My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak my works to the king." In the Epistle Mary is typified under the figure of Wisdom:

In all these I sought rest, and I shall abide in the inheritance of the Lord. . . . And so was I established in Sion, and in the holy city likewise I rested. . . . and my abode is in the full assembly of saints. . . . I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress tree on Mount Sion. I was exalted like a palm tree in Cades, and as a rose plant in Jericho. As a fair olive tree in the plains, and as a plane tree by the water in the streets, was I exalted. . . . (*Ecclus. xxiv.*)

The symbolism of the Epistle finds a parallel in the Gradual: "Because of truth and meekness and justice: and thy right hand shall conduct thee wonderfully. Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thy ear: for the king shall greatly desire thy beauty." Thus the mystical significance of the Old Law, and mingling with its echoes there breaks as with a full flood of praise, the alleluatic verse of the Catholic Church: "Alleluia, alleluia. Mary is received into heaven: the host of heaven rejoices. Alleluia."

By implication, in the Gospel the words of Our Lord on behalf of Mary, the sister of Lazarus, are taken to refer to the rest into which Mary, the Mother of God, has entered, finding their echo in the Communion: "Mary hath chosen the better part which shall not be taken away from her." It is of that rest and that glory that the ancient Catholic hymn sings:

O what light and glory
Deck thee all resplendent,
Thou of royal David
Glorious descendant.

Mary, ever-Virgin,
Who in heaven art dwelling,
All the quires of Angels
Evermore excelling.

Mother, yet the honor
Of a Virgin bearing,
For the Lord of Angels
Dwelling pure preparing.

Him within thy bosom
Chastely thou enshrinest:
Thus our God incarnate
Takes His flesh divinest.

Whom the whole creation
Evermore adoreth,
And, all lowly bending,
Rightly now implorest,—

HENRY C. WATTS.

COMMUNICATIONS

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Miss Repplier and Hilaire Belloc

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Miss Agnes Repplier as a critic of Hilaire Belloc is singularly ineffective. I anticipated as much when I heard the rumor that she was to "criticize" him for "The Catholic's Bookshelf." With the exception of some of the critical vagaries of the *New Republic*, that arena for the loose-thinkers of our time, the stupidities of Austin Harrison and Holbrook Jackson, I have seldom read a critical estimate of a contemporary writer more unconvincing than that of Miss Repplier in your issue of July 24. Mr. Joyce Kilmer, that gentle, all-too-gentle poet—would that he would give us a drinking song or a martial lay!—recently remarked in your columns, in an article analyzing the arch-hypocrite Tagore, beloved of Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., that Yeats was once a poet and never a critic. Much the same might be said of Miss Repplier after her hasty and ill-judged criticisms. She was a delightful essayist. But never a critic.

I do not quite see, I cannot quite place, the reasons for Miss Repplier's inability to write a clear estimate of Mr. Belloc, to nail down the essentials. They are both Gallic. There is a certain cold clarity, amounting at times almost to hardness, in both their work and personalities. There are numerous points of similarity, save that Miss Repplier, like all women, lacks the saving graces of democracy, balance of thought and appreciation of the raw bones of life.

I have said that Miss Repplier has failed to mark the Bellocian essentials. What these are I shall presently point out. For the moment I wish to nail three phrases in her criticism that are simply untrue, one of them insulting, all of them doubtless due to her ignorance of the political conditions of the last ten years in England. To take the insult first. It is contained in the phrase, "In 1915 we know that the British workman is a drunken shirker, etc." So!

Outside the papers engaged in the attempt to rehabilitate Lord Haldane in the eyes of an actively hostile public, and the notorious "Cocoa Press" (Cadbury and his ilk), the practically unanimous opinion of impartial investigators is that the agitation against the British workman as a drunken shirker is absolutely unfounded. I was in London myself for some time after the war started, and took the trouble and pleasure of making a wholesale and rigid investigation of "pubs" in all parts of London, under the able guidance of Mr. Cecil Chesterton, who is thoroughly acquainted with representative drinking places in all parts of the city, and can vouch, from this personal investigation, which covered an appallingly large number of these taverns, that there was literally less drinking after the war started than there was before. Investigations made by friends of mine in other cities lead to the same conclusion.

It is a notorious fact that the unpreparedness of the British

nation for the present conflict was due to the criminal neglect of the politicians of both parties during the last, broadly speaking, fifteen years. The man supremely responsible, the man who closed the Woolwich Arsenal, is Lord Haldane. Now it is well known in England that an inquiry into the lack of ammunitions will be instituted in Parliament after the war, unless the politicians can head it off. Unless they can do so the situation will be serious for them. Many heads will fall. Lord Haldane will be politically hanged and quartered. Therefore, ably seconded by the subservient party press and the papers owned by the cocoa-makers, the politicians evolved the ingenious plan of an immediate agitation against the British workman as the sole cause of the inability of the War Office to produce sufficient ammunition for the armies at the front.

But to return: "As a Member of Parliament Mr. Belloc was singularly ineffective." Thus Miss Repplier. Now, if a Congressman made a unique reputation for himself as a singularly effective speaker in Congress; if by his speeches in Congress and throughout the country he succeeded in arousing an agitation that resulted in an extraordinary cleansing of that public body; if he fought corruption persistently, and to a great extent successfully, against overwhelming odds, so that he was dreaded by the shamelessly corrupt; if he resigned as a protest against the attempts of the political leaders of all parties to suppress him, and did so at a moment when his resignation acted as a great stimulus to the attack on the criminal elements in political life, well, you would hardly consider yourself justified in saying that his career in Congress was "ineffective." Yet this is just what Miss Repplier says in regard to Mr. Belloc. She writes about the man from a point of view in these matters as ignorant and prejudiced as that of Mr. and Mrs. Meynell.

"As a sociologist he (Belloc) is unconvincing." To Miss Repplier, after a prolonged study of "The Servile State" and Mr. Belloc's political articles in the *Dublin Review*, the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Eye Witness*, etc., this is the last word on the subject. As an expert in sociology she is, of course, quite entitled to her opinion. I beg to differ, however, from her opinion. Belloc's "Servile State" is a book which no one who wishes to understand the tendencies in English politics can afford to neglect. It advances a thesis that is as powerful a weapon against Socialism as I know of. It has also the power of being distinctly an original one. This thesis is often misunderstood, as Miss Repplier seems to have misunderstood and underrated it. It is not to be mixed up with the Socialist plea that present capitalistic conditions are servile, nor with the sheer Individualist's taunt that Socialism would involve slavery. Mr. Belloc means by the servile state something quite definite, and not at all rhetorical, which is, Miss Repplier to the contrary, rapidly forming under our very eyes to-day. He means that we are rapidly tending toward a condition where citizens shall be divided into two classes, the free and the unfree, the former being responsible to the State for the well-being of the latter. I have not space to develop the arguments for this singularly acute thesis. But I have space to say that Miss Repplier's idea that the war has altered matters so much that this thesis, advanced in 1913, is refuted by the martial events of 1915 is singularly inaccurate. As a matter of fact, servile conditions have advanced since the commencement of the present war with a rapidity that is startling. The one bit of sunshine in the black outlook for liberty for Englishmen is the democratic nature of the second War Loan.

I have left myself no space, for this letter is already inordinately long, to point out the essentials in any criticism of Belloc, essentials which Miss Repplier has conspicuously neglected. A few may be hurriedly noted. She has failed to

point out his French descent and training, which is half the battle in understanding this complex individual; the classic mold of his mind and the accompanying hatred of the barbaric; the fact, and this is in some ways the most important of all, that he was once a soldier. You can not write an estimate of the man until you realize the extremely important part that military experience has played in his life. It is the keynote to the whole.

Bay Shore, L. I.

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

Flowers and Funerals

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am thoroughly scandalized at the pro-floral correspondence in AMERICA. I did not think a Catholic, much less a priest would advocate flowers at funerals. Flowers are forbidden on the coffin in the church. I also think that, according to the mind of the Church, flowers are out of place at the lowering of the body into the grave. Why then, should they be at the bier in the house? You will answer, "To soothe the living." But the Church has forbidden them for the very purpose that the living should be mindful of their last end.

My husband died after living thirty years away from his Church. The very somberness of his Catholic burial, for all flowers were excluded, and the kindness of the priest in offering to say two Masses for the repose of my husband's soul, had more to do with my conversion than anything else. He might have offered a fifty-dollar wreath, but I would have looked upon that as I looked upon the floral offerings of my friends. I think it is a poor type of Catholicism that will not be soothed as much with Mass cards as with flowers.

To advocate the buying of flowers for funerals or monuments for graves, because some people thus earn their bread, is like advocating beer-drinking, because it gives brewers and others a means of earning their livelihood. If all the Catholics the world over would buy blocks in the Extension Society and never again purchase a stone for graves, but for churches in poor places, could Catholics be called uncharitable? The stone-cutters would simply be obliged to seek another profession. Neither are floral donations a "pagan custom," because they soothe the living, but because they becloud the real lesson of death in the minds of poor mortals.

"In those first sad hours, do we not need whatever will remind us that our dear one is, or will be, with God and the Angels?" Yes, but I don't see how flowers will do that. Rather Mass cards should soothe and edify the living and accelerate the vision of God for the dead. "Beautiful in the sight of the Lord is the death of the saints," but only of saints; not of the wicked, no matter how many flowers may be on their coffin. But flowers merely becloud this fact in the minds of lukewarm, "molly-coddle" Christians, as may be seen from these words of a disolute acquaintance of mine, spoken to me when I was still outside the Fold: "I hate to attend Catholic funerals. They just appall me." Would this acquaintance have reason to say so if we buried death with flowers?

Collegeville, Minn.

A READER.

Woman Suffrage

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A recent editorial, "Hazarding a Heritage," on that intricate question "the woman vote," has prompted me to raise several points in favor of suffrage for woman. Economic conditions have changed so since our grandmother's time, that woman, in the factory, in the school, in the business office, is recognized as a strong factor in the business world. Without discussing conditions which brought her there, without discussing in what degree she promotes economic efficiency, we must admit she is

there to stay; that in all probability self-support is a necessity with her.

As a rule, because she is a woman,—and the trite argument holds, regardless of all circumstances that it is "man's place to support the home," youth though he may be, wealthy though he may be,—because of this very argument, she is apt to receive less salary than her male co-worker. Now, it is common knowledge that, in the struggle for existence, "political influence" is a great aid, and often a man finds his just salary increase acceded to because, in a union or otherwise, he has the power of a vote. But the scrub-woman may find a wage increase just as much a matter of existence as the elevator-man; and while the Catholic woman may hold, as her ideal, a home-loving mother or daughter, necessity may have placed her where the privilege of voting might be of great benefit to her. If she has a vote to record in the coming elections, she is not a nonentity as a wage-earner.

Again woman, as a voter, could help to mold at least some of the "social welfare" laws in a country, prison laws, sick-benefit laws, humane laws of many kinds, which only the influence of woman, with her more subtle sympathies, could help to frame. Unless she has a vote, she cannot participate personally in the making of such laws. Granted, rightly or wrongly, that, in some States, woman has already been given the vote, shall the Catholic woman remain silent while her active, college-educated, non-Catholic friend, not so conscientiously trained in her duties as a homemaker, grasps quickly the new power given her? Several local elections recently were determined by the "woman vote," it is claimed.

Is it impossible for her to cast her vote, as an intelligent woman, without becoming a so-called "suffragette," without losing her womanliness? If she votes as a matter of duty, as a matter of civic welfare, she is hardly likely to be of that blatant type, the "woman politician." Such a one is bound to work her own political destruction. But she will at least keep in touch with civic problems, and perhaps in this way escape a narrowness bound to come to the "stay-at-home" woman in particular, who, hemmed in too much by the four walls of her house, finds her intellect stunted, her nature warped through too many humdrum actions and littlenesses of outlook. May not a strong distinction be drawn between the terms "suffragette" and "woman-voter"?

Chicago.

S. A. SMYTH.

A Catholic Booking Bureau

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A prominent club woman, in religion a Catholic, lately remarked that in the Catholic clubs there is not sufficient attention given to distinguished Catholic litterateurs. This statement is true, I think, in Chicago at least, but is not necessarily the fault of those who make up the programs. There is a need of a proper concentration that will bring these people in touch with those who have to do with club programs, educational centers, etc., and this crying need is that of a Catholic booking bureau. This prominent club-woman, who disdains the Catholic clubs here on account of their inferior offerings, has a catalogue of well-known Catholics whom she names glibly and then asserts, to her listener's horror, that it is only the Protestants who appreciate them and who go to the trouble of seeking them out.

"There's Agnes Repplier. Think what an acquisition she would be on a program—if you could get her." "She did speak in Chicago once." "Not on any Catholic club program?" "No, I'm afraid it was at a school, a Protestant school that time."

By means of a lecture bureau such a thing would never happen again, for by this means all the clubs and societies

of a city might, should they so desire, secure bookings with a lecturer, artist, or reader, whoever it might be, at great convenience to themselves and to the artist. A national or international booking bureau is what the writer advocates, and asks for ideas toward the development of such an enterprise through the columns of AMERICA, a paper which has generously given so much of its space in fostering ideas for Catholic social service.

Chicago.

READER.

English in Catholic Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For the information of S. A. Smyth, of Chicago, who seems embarrassed by a remark of a college teacher of Greek that the study of English does not begin with the *primer* in the Polish Catholic parochial schools, permit me to state there is not one such Polish school in the United States. English is taught in all the Polish parochial schools of our country from the primer up, just as in any other school. I would suggest that S. A. Smyth investigate this matter to his own satisfaction in Chicago, where nearly all the nationalities under the sun are well represented, the Poles not the least among them, and I am convinced that he will cease to repeat the tale he attributes to a college teacher of Greek.

Steubenville, Ohio.

C. SMOGOR.

Catholic Circulating Libraries

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your "Note and Comment" column in the issue for July 24 contained a reference to the Boston Catholic Circulating Library. Reading the note, the present writer wondered whether your readers generally were aware of the existence of other libraries of the kind. The Catholic Free Library, 217 North Sixth Street, St. Louis, Mo., and the Catholic Institute Library, Main and Allan Streets, Buffalo, N. Y., are at least two other examples of similar institutions. Perhaps some of your readers can mention others. It is possible that also in this field our left hand is unaware of what our right hand is accomplishing. Praiseworthy as this attitude may be in some matters, it is the belief in many quarters that Catholics have been unduly devoted to this principle of reticence, even to the extent of sacrificing the advantages of legitimate publicity. The Gospel applied to the twentieth century does not seem to sanction the practice of hiding one's light under a bushel any more than it did in the first century. And yet how often does it happen that one catches a glimpse of various Catholic enterprises in the obscurest corners of our Catholic papers, and is brought face to face with the old query, "How is it that I never heard of this activity before?"

The Federation of Catholic Societies and the Catholic Press Association have done a great deal to bring Catholics into closer touch with the activities of their fellow-Catholics. The policy of Archbishop Glennon in bringing the various charities of St. Louis into closer relations has already amply vindicated itself, while the same plan on a larger scale attempted by the National Conference of Catholic Charities has been productive of much good. The present movement in behalf of effective work for our boys and young men by establishing troops of Boy Scouts and Catholic Y. M. C. A.'s is opening the eyes of many of us to the need of coordinating the efforts of isolated workers. Is it too optimistic to think that the day is dawning when we shall have a great central building in every Catholic community, from which will radiate the benign influence of Catholic societies, clubs, libraries, charity organizations and newspapers?

Waupaca, Wis.

H. H. R.

A M E R I C A

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A Month of Catholic Conventions

GREAT Catholic conventions are following each other in rapid succession during the present month. They are a welcome sign of Catholic life. They bring with them a renewal of corporate spirit and energy. Considering merely their internal effect upon the widespread Catholic associations which conduct them, they are a tonic and elixir, quickening the pulsings of life and sending the blood with a new thrill of energy through the entire social body. They are not therefore meaningless or useless. The Church has ever gladly encouraged them and her dignitaries have willingly lent to them the prestige and support of their presence. Such conventions, too, are required for the planning and arranging of the year's economy and all the many details of membership, rule and governance.

"But what results have they to show?" is the query insistently made. "Ringing resolutions" are passed, a silence follows, and then all continues as before." Were this the whole story they still would have achieved important results. They would at least have preserved the life which for want of them might have become extinct, they would have made possible its normal growth, and who is pessimistic enough to say that no good has come of our Catholic organizations? They may indeed be considered as a necessary adjunct of Catholic life.

But the whole tale is not so briefly told. A very great deal of good has actually come from these conventions, varying naturally in its extent and intensity with the different conventions and organizations themselves. Of the resolutions passed many are partially and some are entirely carried into effect. However, that much more could be done, and should be done, we all admit. To point this out in a spirit of charity is not amiss. But there is no excuse for carping criticism on the part of

those who should be present to suggest the remedy, to stimulate, encourage and cooperate instead of comfortably sitting at home and passing strictures on men who have borne the heat and labor of the day. It is precisely because of the great number of apathetic or carping members that so little, comparatively, can be accomplished by our Catholic organizations. There are vast possibilities unrealized in even the best of our associations, but this is often most perfectly understood by the very men who undergo the greatest personal sacrifices to make an organization effective. Criticism is not unwelcome to them when given in a helpful spirit, but what they most desire and deserve to receive from us is co-operation. The best place to correct mistakes and point to higher aims is the convention itself. It has been arranged for this very purpose. It is there that Catholics must steadily strive to make possible the more perfect realization in all their societies of the great Catholic ideals of universal, fearless and unselfish cooperation for the promotion of Catholic interests, the propagation of our holy Faith and the welfare of our native land.

What Is a Prisoner?

A "PRISONER," says the dictionary, "is one who is confined in a prison or whose liberty is forcibly restrained." In the light of recent disclosures, however, that definition has become inadequate and obsolete. A more exact and up-to-date definition of the term would read perhaps like this: "A prisoner is an irresponsible, misunderstood person, whose impulses are noble but whose early environment has made him disregard the conventions of civilized society, and consequently he has graciously accepted for a limited period the hospitality of the State, on the stipulated condition, however, that he may visit his relatives occasionally, attend the funerals of deceased friends, contract a marriage, if he so desires, be free from annoying surveillance, be provided frequently with refining amusements and be in general the object of philanthropists' affection and of 'uplifters' unwearied concern." Though rather long, the definition is fairly accurate and in substance should find a place in the next edition of all American dictionaries.

New encyclopedias, too, should not fail to describe carefully how criminals were executed in this country during the early part of the twentieth century. Such an account would tell how the last words and actions of the condemned man were faithfully recorded by the conscientious reporter for the edification of the public, and how our wonderfully perfected press service made it easy for every man, woman and child in the land to enjoy each grisly detail of what happened in the death-chamber, on the way to execution, and on the scaffold, and if it were not for the interference of certain reactionaries the public would also have been entertained by moving pictures of the unfortunate's last moments.

Thoughtful people cannot but realize that condemned

prisoners were never more criminally coddled than they are to-day, and that our rare executions, on the other hand, were never more morbidly "public" than now. Let our prisons be kept real prisons, and let newspaper readers be told merely, when, where, on whom, and for what crime, the law has imposed the death penalty. Thus will several grave abuses in our administration of justice be readily corrected.

The Civilizing Church

"OF all the blue-moldy accusations that are constantly being leveled against the Catholic Church," observes Father Hull, in his little excellent book on "Civilization and Culture," "I know of none more perverse and vexatious than the ever-repeated taunt that 'the Church is an enemy to civilization and culture.'" That falsehood is one of the most precious heirlooms of the Protestant Tradition. With that familiar accusation as a major premise, it is easy to prove why England's coal mines, for instance, were miraculously discovered only after the people had thrown off the "yoke of Rome"; that the paucity of telephones in Spain is directly attributable to the enduring influence of the Inquisition; that Ireland's poverty is plainly due to "rampant Romanism," and that the invention of the automobile, the airship and the submarine is connected in some mysterious way with the Diet of Worms, the Westminster Confession or the Landing of the Pilgrims. So the "man in the street" implicitly assumes that a nation's "progress," by which he means its wealth and luxury, can be practically measured by its attitude toward the Church, and that the extent electricity is used by a people, rather than their fidelity in observing the Ten Commandments, indicates how dear a race is to Heaven.

But it is not hard to prove that even the material and intellectual advancement certain Protestant countries have made since the religious revolt of the sixteenth century is due to the initial impulse given them by the Church. In this connection Father Hull remarks:

We often hear of cases where an employee of a large firm, after learning the whole business of his master by years of service, suddenly gives notice, and leaves, and sets up a new business for himself, and gradually swallows up all the trade of his former employer, taking as credit to himself all that he has learnt from another. So it was with the Protestant advancement after separation from the Church. For fifteen centuries the countries of Europe had been in their pupilage under the Catholic Church. They had learnt the business well, and acquired the power of working onwards for themselves. They rejected the Church's guidance, and began to walk along according to their own will. They prided themselves on the results, but they forgot to acknowledge with gratitude their indebtedness. They began to glory in their own progress, with never a "thank you" to the Church who had given them their early training and thus rendered such further progress possible. They even attributed their advancements to the peculiar genius of Protestantism, and got the perverse idea into their heads that it was Catholicism which had hitherto kept them back. It only needs a sound reading of European history to dispose of this hallucina-

tion. But those who are its victims generally leave such history severely alone.

All the nations of the world, by first seeking under the guidance of the Church, God's kingdom and His justice could enjoy in due measure all "these things" of earth that they have striven for so tirelessly, and which the European cataclysm is now seriously imperiling. Meanwhile they would hardly be setting such little value as they do today on the far more precious and important things of the spirit.

Atrocities

IT is a familiar word these days. In the official books of all nations at war the enemy is accused of committing cruelties that are an outrage on civilization. Where does the truth lie in the mass of contradictory statements that have been issued from every European capital? What one of the warring nations is guilty? Each one engaged in the conflict, for the whole game of war is an atrocity, once the first shot is fired. The Red Cross worker can lessen the pain of a shattered limb, the nursing Sister can ease the dying, the priest can strengthen the soul in agony, and so the atrocities are minimized, but not averted, the inevitable atrocities of war. The official casualty lists are the true books on the war's atrocities, and they need no affidavits to clinch their truth.

The men who answered the call to arms a year ago, and are now back home in France, Germany, England, Belgium and Russia, battered remnants of manhood, tell the story of the war's real atrocities; men without legs and arms, men in wheeled chairs or on crutches, demented men with sightless eyes. A wave of sympathy greets the hospital train as it slowly brings up at the little wayside station, deposits its burden of human wrecks, and starts for the front again to fetch more of the ashen fruits of battle. But the nation's sympathy or the world's sympathy cannot give sight to the blind, or put back the arm that has been torn by the bursting shell. The pomp and circumstance of war! You can find it in its reality on the stretcher with its burden of bleeding human flesh. spells atrocity.

The Healer's Hand

THE Great War has forced men's thoughts back upon the stern realities and problems of life. It has sobered thousands and humbled their pride. "Many a thinker must see in this present awful crisis," says an anonymous writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "not an isolated phenomenon, not a mere political event, for which a train of political causes has been laid, but also one of the natural results of our ways of thinking, of our kind of progress. The growth of material over spiritual conceptions in the last fifty years is appalling." Breaking what they termed the galling shackles of Christian dogma and morality, men now clamor for a larger free-

dom. The old-fashioned doctrines cribbed and cabined them to narrow limits. They want more space, greater opportunities. Everywhere hands are rudely knocking at forbidden doors. While our age is feverishly endeavoring to increase its economic and commercial efficiency, it is still more eager to widen the circle of its material comforts and luxuries, its grosser pleasures and amusements. Literature, art, journalism, the theater reflect in glaring colors the passion of the age.

And yet the millions thus steeped in materialism still go ahungering and unsatisfied. No wonder. They have a distorted view of life. They have shifted its center of gravity. That is in the spirit, not in matter. The true life, the only one deserving of the name lies not outside us, but within. It is a life in harmony with God's law and Commandments. When that life is lost, the soul is smitten with a moral leprosy. That word makes us shudder. Leprosy! Life slowly ebbing away under a corroding virus. The spirit's earthly tenement crumbling inch by inch in the grasp of a loathsome enemy. The coldest heart thrills with sympathy at the agonies of the doomed and helpless victim. And few miracles of the Gospel strike a more sensitive chord in our hearts than the one in which Our Lord cleansed the ten lepers of their disease, and restored them to the full vigor of manhood and of health. It was an act of infinite mercy and power. It was as if the portals of the grave had been broken down and the dead had come to life.

A moral leprosy has attacked our age. The poison of materialism has tainted the very sources of life. But the soul unconsciously protests. It must be saved from the foul contact. But only a Divine Hand can seal the scarred brow of society with restored health and beauty. A Divine Voice must repeat the words: "Be thou clean!" Only then will the scars and scales disappear.

The Eastland Investigation

THE first profound shock occasioned by the awful loss of life in the recent Eastland disaster has given way to a keen demand of the American public for authentic information relative to the cause of such wholesale destruction of life. Investigations undertaken by State and Federal authorities have been in progress with the usual searching examination of persons intimately concerned with the management of the Eastland, as well as with the enforcement of the steamboat inspection laws.

It may be determined that certain officials in the employ of the State or Federal Government have been negligent, or that the steamship corporation has been remiss in the proper exercise of necessary precautions for safely handling passengers. The most severe penalty possible would be conviction and imprisonment on a manslaughter charge, although in the light of the modern "sweeping investigations," so-called, such extreme penalty is hardly probable. Back of all the legal responsibility lies the moral obligations of those to whom the care and safety of human life

are entrusted in transit upon the ocean or waters bounding the shores. Any negligence resulting in the loss of human lives constitutes negatively a criminal act for which extreme punishment should be meted to the wrongdoer. We are all morally responsible for our acts of omission, no less than for those of commission, and in the civil as well as in the moral law we are equally held to such responsibility as the nature and scope of our duties warrant.

Those officials, empowered by reason of position and expert knowledge to realize the condition and status of the Eastland as a passenger steamer, were the proper and the sole officials to determine the number of people to be carried by the vessel. The decision of the Federal steamboat inspectors is paramount, and unreasonable deviation from the numerical limitation placed by them upon the carrying capacity of the vessel in itself constitutes a grave and culpable act.

United States inspectors of steam vessels are appointed primarily because of fitness and experience, although it is also true that political influence plays no small part in the selection of these men. Administration of their duties is oftentimes made extremely difficult because of the pressure brought to bear upon such officials by large corporations relative to certification of vessels, which by reason of extreme age or faulty construction are unfit for service upon the inland waters of the coast or for ocean travel and service. Corporate interests, moreover, are ever seeking to interfere with the measures of punishment imposed by the inspectors upon masters, pilots, mates and engineers for negligence and infringement of rules. This interference, and it is interference of the worst kind, has, in past years operated to the detriment of the inspection service and has directly led to many avoidable accidents, causing unnecessary loss of life.

In the final analysis it is not the man, be he official or private citizen, obeying merely the statute law, who makes the best citizen or official, but rather he, who in addition to close adherence to rules and regulations established by statute, employs for his guidance the rules of a conscience that has not become hardened by contact with undesirable influences.

The Homesickness of the Soul

THE New York *Sun*, in closing recently its Sunday discussion of the subject, referred to the immortality of the soul as "that eternal problem, ever clamoring for attention, before which Reason is helpless, if not dumb, and only Faith can with confidence speak." The eternal problem; reason ever inquiring about the immortality of the soul: what does it mean? It means homesickness, homesickness of soul. There are no problems of his whereabouts to vex a man when he is at home with himself and with all about him, no false appearances, no choosing of words, no company talk, and the like. A man is at home when he is simply him-

self, understanding and understood, and can settle down and rest in the comfortable ease of fond and familiar surroundings. Being without this natural comfort and rest, and good understanding, and give and take of sympathy is what we mean by homesickness.

The soul has its "homesickness" as well as the body. It cannot be at home here in this world. It is only restive here. It cannot settle down and rest with a sense of familiar ease. While showing a brave face to the world, it is questing forever for something that is not here, that it can never find in this world. It is longing for happiness, the true happiness of home, rest and ease of all its faculties, the magnificent joy of heaven; and that longing unsatisfied is homesickness.

That longing for happiness in our soul is real. There is no use trying to smother it. It is not "all imagination." It is only blissful ignorance or oblivion of the changes and chances of life that says "I am perfectly happy; I have every thing I want." That longing is with us all through life, it is in our hearts wherever we go. It is the call of home, it is the "*kuhreigen* of our native Alps."

There is no being cured of our homesickness unless we answer the call and turn our faces toward home. Then the journey of life, with the trials that come to trouble joy, is brightened with hope, for we remind ourselves that every step along the stony road is one step nearer home. They are only strayed children who go bewilderedly looking for a home of lasting happiness this way and that in the blind alleys of the world's pleasures.

In this connection a member of the American Ambulance service in France gives his impression of the dead soldiers as follows:

It is very curious to see how virtually all fatally wounded men know that they are going to die and how they grasp it with a certainty that exceeds the certainty of anything else in life. . . . It is very impressive to see the quiet, optimistic calm with which they face the end, and the bigness of it. It makes one feel confident that there is an after-life, or that it is at least right to die for an ideal.

They were probably good Catholic soldiers of France, and with good reason were they calm and optimistic. They had reached home. They had passed round the turn of the road out of the dark passage of death, and there they had found God, their Father, waiting to receive them with open arms.

LITERATURE

On Aubrey Beardsley and Others

I AM a devotee of the detective tales of Mr. Conan Doyle and Mr. E. C. Bentley. I think that it is for this reason more than for any other that I have a passionate dislike of the work of Aubrey Beardsley. Whenever I dip into the pages of the "Yellow Book" and discover a few more of those damnably artistic black and whites, in which the black is always predominant and the white a small splash to emphasize the darkness of the whole, I inevitably take refuge

in the works of those two excellently wholesome storytellers.

The reason why my fondness for detective tales creates hostility towards Beardsley's work does not lie on the surface, but it can, I think, be easily explained. Put it this way: it may be called playing the game of finding the murderer, a singularly attractive game. In the tales of my two favorite writers the criminal is found; neither of these excellent fellows would play so dastardly a trick as to have a high old time with my nerves and then to leave me in suspense at the end. The murderer is found, even when, as in one of Doyle's stories, it turns out not to be the murderer at all. But Beardsley never played the game. The tail-pieces to the stories in the "Yellow Book" never end the story: his art is never a finished art. Rather they are the beginning of another story, and an unclear one at that. Beardsley has this in common with the primitives who decorated their caves in what your modern thinker will call "prehistoric days" and then give you their whole history in detail. Neither would give you their full impression of the subject; they merely predicted the object they were drawing. But they differ in this, that the illustrations of the Stone Age failed for lack of a technique to achieve full expression. They wanted to make a mammoth look like a mammoth even when they made it look like a giraffe. But Beardsley did not. Beardsley art consisted in suppressing the important parts. I have always had the feeling that back of those dark splotches that shade his drawings there lurk the shades that would give us the key to the whole. Beardsley would never tell you who hurt and twisted and murdered the unfortunates in his pictures. The criminal—murderer, thief, degenerate, dwarf, prostitute—is never brought to justice, as in Doyle, or Bentley, or Belloc's excellent tales of "The Green Overcoat." The criminal always escapes; the loathsome part of the story is given full play as the shadows in the background bear him off to his own particular hell.

And just as it may be said of Beardsley that his art was incomplete, so may it be said of the art of the period in which he lived. The very name which they themselves selected to emphasize their work was an admission of incompleteness. *Fin de siècle* is as meaningless a descriptive phrase as I know, with the possible exception of the term *Zeitgeist*, which your German philosopher in the bleak porphyry of Berlin will give personality to, and deck out in clothes fit for that which has achieved royal things in thought. Yet *fin de siècle* does, in its uncertain way, describe the decadents of the nineties. They were the morbid growths of a particularly conglomerate period, the year of the breakdown of the Victorian compromise. But where the conceit of the decadents played havoc with a critical estimate of themselves was in their assumption that they were responsible for the destruction of the Victorian ideal of comfort at all costs. In that estimate they showed their lack of the critical faculty, seeing that the test of a man's critical ability lies in his estimate of himself. The destruction of the compromising spirit of the Victorian age is to be credited to two schools and one man. The first of the schools was the Socialist, the second was the High Church Movement, and the man was Charles Dickens. But those false and insane estimates of pride and vanity, that sheer egoism that sent some of these men to prison and some to death, twisted and warped their viewpoint so that they failed to see that these two groups of thinkers and that very great man had already killed the compromising tendency of that Victorian mind which had provoked into existence the fads and fancies of rationalism, anti-militarism, and other strange creeds, and to which they—punny fellows!—thought they had given the death-thrust.

Young Beardsley's career in London had that touch of

romanticism which still brings false worship and sympathy to him and many of his fellow craftsmen. At one time Beardsley earned five shillings a week as a draughtsman in an architect's office; a raise to seven shillings a week enabled him to devote two shillings to lessons in drawing. His first notion of that art of the grotesque which was to bring him renown came, one supposes, from the Japanese. Yet the purity of the Japanese grotesque is lacking in Beardsley's work. It was an imitation of the Japanese, but, like his own contradictory nature, not an imitation. He worked that little perverted art of his into a new school of illustration and found a thousand imitators. His pictures made the accustomed "sensation" of the period, and became a fad because so few could understand them. They conveyed the idea of an offensive impropriety and yet defied the most searching analysis. They were but hideous tricks in the grotesque, yet with a fascination that one returned to them again and again. Watts, and that I cannot understand, and Burne-Jones, and that I can, encouraged his excesses and praised that very quality of elusiveness of which I have complained. Yet for all this praise of the masters, who saw in the dreamy, poetic boy a dissatisfied soul with a dissatisfied art redolent of the diabolical, an art which they could dabble in at second-hand, as it were, Beardsley's work was really popular among the public just because the public could not understand the possibilities of being pinched and tickled at the same time.

Personally Beardsley was interesting. Without any schooling, he had educated himself to read Italian, French and Spanish, and at one time, I believe, entertained the belief that his success would be achieved as an author. He had practically no "education" in art save a short time at the schools. To call him merely "erratic," as some do, is not to describe the man. In all his work he was *deliberately* inconsistent. He said once, in one of those poses so characteristic of his age: "Disease is so delightful." Coming from St. Teresa or some hardened saint, that remark might almost pass as a beatitude. In Beardsley it was merely an attitude. Yet it is the key to the mystery of his success.

In Brussels, in 1896, he had a severe attack of pneumonia. He recovered, but with a diseased body and the knowledge that his days were numbered. With great courage he worked on, doing some of his most effective work in that ill period. In April, 1898, he was received into the Catholic Church, dying a few months later at the age of twenty-three. It is with a few words on his reception into the Church that I would conclude this paper.

You will hear it said by those who know little or nothing of the appeal of the Church, and this you will find particularly in England, where the Protestant Tradition holds firm sway over men's minds, that the converts from the decadence of the nineties to Catholicism came as men incapable of strong reasoning and "played out," as the phrase goes. That is, having given their best to paganism, their youth, their vitality, their whole strength, what they gave to the Church was emaciated bodies and minds. So tenacious is the folly of such reasoning that you will find, to take another illustration, people who belong, as an elderly lady of Dartmoor once described them to me, to the High Church of England, and who speak of Newman so as to give the impression that all his activities ceased after 1845! The stupidity of it!

Take the personal question of the men themselves, men vital, in the summer of their development, with minds keen, as in Beardsley's case, to repudiate conclusively the excesses of his pagan boyhood in that fine series of letters published after his death. It was not a tired band that volunteered their services to Christ's Vicar, not a group of men defeated by life, sick for rest from conflict; rather a tired band sick

of the excesses that played havoc with their desire to live. They sought life as it should be lived, gay and riotously, with hours of high meditation, a life demanding full play of mind and soul and body; a life filled with great passions, yet ruled by sense of the infinite and ultimate good. Men sick of life? Ay, sick of that parody of life which they had toyed with, realizing such lives spelled spiritual and artistic death. So in the initiation of what was true and beautiful and good came Aubrey Beardsley at the end: and that was his beginning.

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

REVIEWS

Poems. By BRIAN HOOKER. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.00.

The Vale of Shadows and Other Verses of the Great War. By CLINTON SCOLLARD. New York: Laurence J. Somme. \$0.60.

The Light Feet of Goats. By SHAEMAS O'SHEEL. New York: Laurence J. Somme. \$1.00.

The Call of the Open: An Anthology. Compiled by LEONNARD STOWELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$0.80.

The Shoes of Happiness and Other Poems. By EDWIN MARKHAM. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.

Here are five recent books of verse that for the most part are worthy of commendation. Mr. Hooker's work is a triumph in diction. As far as diction goes the following from "Lilacs in the City" could hardly be improved upon.

Amid the rush and fever of the street
The snarl and clash of countless quarrelling bells,
And the sick heavy heat,
The hissing footsteps and the hateful smells
I found you speaking quietly
Of sunlit hill, horizons and clean earth.

Equally good work is found on nearly every page, whether narration, lyric or epigram. There is the boom of Swinburne; the word-mosaic of Tennyson; the luscious fullness of Keats, but—Alas for the critic's duty!—Keats and the rest are gone and their legacy of words is accessible to any word-smith with taste and a genius for smelting and welding. Not that we wish to hint at plagiarism and paraphrase in Mr. Hooker's "Poems." Not at all, but only to say that our literature is surfeited with diction: over-feasted is a better word; for a glorious feast it has been. Now, real literary diction like Mr. Hooker's is undeniable art, the reflection of a mood of insight, the fruit of the creator's travail. But if the tension and the pain which give us these fine flashes of line and phrase could have been condensed into a thought or a situation, the *suppression* of art and the internal friction, so to call it, would make the lines tenser and cut deep into the heart of life. For in an opulent poetic literature like the English it is so easy, in composing, to slip into beautiful lanes that have been laid out and adorned by others, and in travelling whereon our song will portray flowers not all of our planting, and the agony of great creation and its eternal fruits will not appear.

We have in "The Vale of Shadows" a handful of poems, written against the tremendous struggle that is now wasting Europe's manhood so lavishly. It is good, sonorous verse bearing some fine flashlights of blackened Reims, the burial of the dead by night, with echoes of the cries of frightened children who are not old enough to understand the reason why their elders slay one another. When, though, he calls upon the spirit of Luther to come and heal the times we cannot but start. Such a sentiment, though couched in immortal verse, which this is not, could never palliate the violence done to plain historic truth in hailing as peace-

champion the man whose actions glorified lust and revolution and lit the flame of a war that for thirty years burned waste-fully over a whole empire.

It is a very superior volume of verse that the author of "The Light Feet of Goats" has gathered. A little turgid at times, perhaps, he amply redeems a fault of form by the splendid reaches of his thought. There is a poem on the struggle of good and evil in us worthy of high praise, also one on the pitilessness of desire. There is a sweet little effusion on "Huntington Street," just delicately lifted above the doggerel, marking fine versatility in the singer. Altogether there is hardly a poem between the covers but will not repay many readings.

Under the title "The Call of the Open," Mr. Stowell has gathered a tasteful anthology in a small volume that will never hang heavy in the poetry lover's pocket. There is the widest range of selections taking in contributions from every age of our literature's history. It will afford ample opportunity for deciding whether in the production of light lyric the language has gone barren at the present time, as well as for noting the progress and divergence of method in verse-making down the long bright years.

That to Mr. Markham was due a definite place, for his sounding and pregnant verse was settled some years ago by his "Man with the Hoe." But in the present volume he may well ambition a more universal title. Here is epigram and lyric and narrative poems done in an excellent manner on old, world-shadowing themes. Mr. Markham surpasses as a rhymist and, especially, in the mingle and roll of his epithets, which qualities give an unsurpassed charm to his narrative poems. For instance an opening like the following will tinkle gratefully in the tireddest ear:

Once in the time of Louis the King
Happened a smiling and holy thing.
'Twas all in the out-door days of old;
Days that fancy has warmed with gold,
Days that are gone with the leaves, alas!
When the light-legged juggler Barnabas
From city to wondering city went
Sprinkling the world with his merriment.

Our criticism finds this poet's best work in his narrative poems nor does he seem to the reviewer to have succeeded in condensing his style, naturally loose-flung and ringing, into lyrics of high order. The "Juggler of Touraine" is a delightful versifying of a beautiful old legend of late variously popularized. It suffers from too abrupt an ending, however, for the exquisite touch of the tumbler's death is omitted. The whole collection is eminently worth reading and an earnest, no doubt of more and riper work from the same pen.

T. B. C.

Sketches in Poland. By FRANCES DELANCY LITTLE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.

Frances Little has written and painted the Poland of a year ago, before the armies of three nations made it their battle-ground. She lived with the Polish nobility, and with the peasants, too, and you cannot read her pages without coming to the conclusion that she knows the country and its noble people. "To know a people one must not only have learned its history, but have lived in its midst," she tells us, "on the soil and among the surroundings of its forefathers." Frances Little went to Poland a stranger, and returned to England a fervent friend of the brave nation that was sundered limb from limb a hundred year ago, three of the present Governments now at war getting a part of what the Russian Commander-in-Chief realistically described as the "living flesh of Poland."

The value of the present volume lies in this, that it is a

truthful record of what the author has seen and heard, descriptions of places visited, of people in their real everyday life. There is the artist's touch in every line, and in the pen and color sketches the reader sees a vivid portrayal of Polish character. It is the story of a people that in these days have a strain of the medieval in their nature, a nature at once brave yet melancholy, for the Pole lives to a great extent in the past, and a glorious past is Poland's. A nation that is forgotten by the world, for up to the outbreak of the present war, scarcely a dozen books have appeared in English in forty years, dealing with the land of Sobieski, the land that stood between Europe and Turkish domination. She was blotted off the map of Europe by the treaty of Vienna, the "greatest crime in history," and so she passed out of the mind of Western Europe. Her conquerors have done their utmost to destroy her nationality, yet it is stronger to-day than ever. There is no attempt in these pages to exaggerate the oppression that Poland has endured during the years since the division of the country by the powers that met in Vienna. Indeed it would be useless to say anything about it more than to give plain facts. This is what Frances Little does. Instead of raving about injustice, the writer tells of Prussian and Russian outrages in the words of those who have suffered. Their sufferings, instead of weakening their characters, have only steeled them to endure bravely till the day comes when they can have what is their hope, peace with freedom.

Frances Little has written well of the people she learned to know and love and admire for their sterling qualities of courage, generosity and piety. Fearlessly and sympathetically she has unfolded in her pages the picture of the bruised and betrayed but still unbroken heart of the Polish nation; a nation that, in its brightest day of prosperity no less than its darkest hour of suffering and oppression, has kept unblemished its noblest national traditions.

G. C. T.

The Riverside History of the United States: Vol. I. Beginnings of the American People. By CARL L. BECKER. Vol. II. Union and Democracy. By ALLEN JOHNSON. Vol. III. Expansion and Conflict. By WILLIAM E. DODD. Vol. IV. The New Nation. By FREDERIC L. PAXSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$7.00.

This new work treats of theories and general ideas of government, economics and politics rather than with the events that went to make a nation. It is a history intended for the teachers of advanced classes or professional men who are anxious to get at the causes that were at work molding the Colonies into a people. Professor Becker in the opening volume begins with a view of the exploring activities of the Old World, and finishes with the Revolutionary Period. His style is epigrammatic, and a bit ironical. He is not very appreciative of French colonial enterprise. Canada, we are told, in 1671 was little more than "a musket, a rosary, and a pack of beaver skins." "Jesuit priests strangely compounding true devotion and unscrupulous intrigue, learned the native languages and with the magic of the crucifix and the Te Deum converted the spirit-fearing savages into loyal children of the Bishop of Rome." The writer of this statement is Professor of History in the University of Kansas, an institution of learning that the money of Catholics doubtless helps to support. Good friends saved him, says Mr. Becker, from many minor errors and some serious blunders. What a pity he did not have a Catholic friend to protect him from the Jesuit bugbear!

The formation of the Union under the Constitution forms the theme of "Union and Democracy," and the development of the territory west of the thirteen Colonies finds place in a

group of events covering about forty-five years, and completes Professor Johnson's part of the series. To show the action and reaction of the most important social, economic, and political forces that combined in making the United States is Professor Dodd's share in the "Riverside History." He works on the assumption that the people of this country did not become a nation until after the close of the Civil War. His pages picture the background of Congressional and sectional conflict from the days of Andrew Jackson to Lincoln. On the whole he handles the more important phases of our national development during that period, carefully though briefly. The last volume of the work brings us up to the present time, shows how the Constitution emerged from the confusion of civil war and reconstruction substantially unchanged, and then deals with the economic development that followed in later years. To discover a means for readjusting the mechanics of government to the needs of national life, Professor Paxson maintains, is the problem that faces the people of the present generation. The volumes are bound in flexible leather and with the exception noted in volume I, are good popular histories. G. C. T.

The Breath of Life. By JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.15.

The Investigation of Mind in Animals. By E. M. SMITH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$0.90.

Those who were acquainted with the John Burroughs of earlier days when he told us the story of wood and meadowland and the dwellers therein he knew and loved so well, will hardly be able to recognize their genial friend in this latest of his published works. He has wandered afar from his old haunts and except for an occasional rift in the clouds, letting through a gleam of his former self, we are almost forced to the conclusion that he has forgotten the days of "Wake Robin" and "Winter Sunshine."

Mr. Burroughs has attacked the world-old problem of the origin of life, but surely not with serious intent, for in his preface he tells us, "I have not aimed so much at consistency as at clearness and definiteness of statement, letting my mind drift as upon a shoreless sea." His mind does indeed drift far and wide upon the sea of Bergsonian philosophy with its "creative energy" which explains nothing and its "creative evolution" which is a contradiction in terms. Then he lets go his helm upon the sea of hypotheses framed to explain the constitution of matter, apparently taking them for granted as established laws, and drifts to his heart's content. He finds electricity in the heart-beats, electricity in the thinking brain and finally we are informed that "electricity is the soul of matter." The ether is deified. "It is omnipotent and all-powerful." Then it is "almost omnipotent" and finally, "we can affirm and deny almost anything of the ether." Matter is eternal and yet "life comes to matter." Man "appears," in fact, everything "appears" and thus the main point at issue is, if anything, made more hazy and obscure. The author musters a veritable army of comparisons and examples with every manner of halt and limp, unsafe guides on his "shoreless sea."

There is something inexpressibly sad in this drifting of the old gentleman's mind which leads him to say that "the theological solution of the problem of life fails more and more to satisfy the thinking men of to-day." Fabre after his years of nature study did not say this. We regret that Mr. Burroughs did not remain a simple interpreter of facts instead of venturing out upon perilous seas where only shipwreck awaited him.

The second book will be of interest and value to those who wish to obtain a summary of modern research along the lines indicated by the title. It is a clear and concise statement of the methods followed in gathering and weighing the evidence for and against intelligence in animals. Controversy and discus-

sion, as the author warns us in his preface, are outside his scope. However, he has very wisely pointed out many of the principal difficulties attending the various methods of investigation. The summarized investigations range from the protozoa or unicellular to the more complex insect and animal organisms. Chapter first, on "Protozoan Behavior" concludes thus: "To sum up, though the activities of unicellular organisms reveal no irrefragable proof of the presence of mind, a study of their conduct suffices to exhibit at least a fundamental resemblance to so-called 'intelligent' behavior." This, to say the least, is rather an indefinite statement. Again, in chapter fourth the author refers to the "classical view" of instinct as "perfect *ab initio* and accordingly unmodifiable." The "classical view," however, concedes the possibility of adaptation to environment and individual needs. Modification brought about through the sensitive memory is quite a different question. Nor is it true that the "classical view" has "now been consigned to the limbo of myths." The author has appended an extensive bibliography but it is rather disappointing not to find mention of such an eminent authority as Eric Wasmann, whose work in this matter has brought him international fame. E. P. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Abbot Carlyle's "Community Letter" which opens the mid-summer issue of *Pax* contains another earnest appeal for more "Caldey Helpers." The war is bearing so heavily upon these devoted Benedictines that they will find it hard to keep together unless friends come to their aid. Dom Aelred has started a gardening school for lads which promises well and he is eager to increase the number of Catholic settlers on the island. "Reminiscences of Dr. Wordsworth," "A Vision of the Development of Caldey," an ascetical paper entitled "Waste," "In Patria," the story of a conversion, and a study of Mgr. Benson as a "Preacher of Vocation" are other good papers in the number.

Another Catholic literary gentleman who is going to start lecturing this fall is Mr. Joyce Kilmer, whose critical papers have delighted AMERICA's readers. He belongs to the staff of the *New York Times* and of the *Literary Digest* and has published two books of excellent verse. Among the subjects on which Mr. Kilmer will speak during his tour are these: "Poetry: The Democratic Art;" "Francis Thompson and Swinburne: A Study in Contrasts;" "John Bannister Tabb;" "The War and Its Poets;" "Lionel Johnson, Aubrey Beardsley and Ernest Dowson;" "Gilbert K. Chesterton and His Poetry;" "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood;" and "Some Modern Manias: Literary, Artistic and Social."

The central figure of "Michael O'Halloran" (Doubleday, \$1.35), Gene Stratton Porter's most recent story, is a superhuman but amiable Irish newsboy who adopts "Peaches," a little crippled girl and sees that she is restored to health. Interwoven with their adventures are a marriage problem and the doings of a pair of lovers. "Mickey" is much addicted to making verses and alters without improving the "sad scary lines" in "Now I lay me." The story is as cheerful and optimistic as could be desired and will doubtless be eagerly read by those who made the author's "Laddie" a "best seller."

"The Practical Conduct of Play" (Macmillan, \$2.00), by Henry C. Curtis, is, as the name implies, an instruction upon the method of organizing playground work, a task for which Mr. Curtis is well fitted by his years of service as Secretary of the Playground Association of America, and as Supervisor of the Playgrounds of the District of Columbia. It is so abundant in detail, both big and little, as to be a complete hand-book for the playground worker. It would seem as if

nothing had escaped his careful survey of the field. While an enthusiast in his work he does not close his eyes to the dangers that attend it, but shows good judgment in handling them.

"The Landloper" (Harper, \$1.35), by Holman Day, is the romance of a modern knight-errant. Like so many novels of the present day, it is a severe arraignment of the ruling classes and an appeal for the rights of the poor. A whimsical wanderer, Walker Farr, after a series of Chestertonian adventures, finds himself drawn into the work of "uplift." His conversion dates from the death of little Rosemarie, poisoned by the typhoidal city waters. Thereafter he quietly organizes a crusade against the "Consolidated Water Company" and the huge political machine which it controls. By a clever speech at the convention, he arouses public feeling and overthrows both at one stroke. The pictures of the soul-drying work in the cotton mills, the sufferings from the impure water supplied by the "Consolidated," and the helplessness against a corrupt political faction, are sketched with a strong hand.

"Religious Education in the Family" (Chicago University Press, \$1.25), by Henry F. Cope, is a strong plea for better American home life. The writer realizes that the Sunday school, the Bible class, can do little or nothing to mold the character of the child, if there is no religious atmosphere in the home. "How many have been influenced by Sunday-school teaching," asks the author, "when they stepped into a polling-booth, when they chose a life-mate, when they guided their children?" The whole tone of the book, which is written by a religious and sincere Protestant, will make the Catholic teacher realize the tremendous problem that is facing those who without the guidance of the Church are striving to embody moral principles and high ideals in their educational programs.

"The Giant Tells" (Benziger, \$0.90), by Jehanne de la Villèsbrunne, is a collection of ten interesting stories about saints and fairies which Jean de Tombelaine, a huge Breton fisherman, relates to little Jehanne and her brother Joseph. Children who are eager to learn what a "Korrigan" is, how were-wolfs behave, how the first windmill was made, and why the church at Tréguier has such a beautiful steeple, will enjoy these well-told tales. The remarks of Jean's little hearers are natural and amusing and there are good illustrations in the book.—The Sisters of Providence, St. Mary's-in-the-Woods, Indiana, have recently published a second edition of their "little classics," a series of "Stories of Mary, Our Heavenly Queen," and "Stories of the Angels" (\$0.05 each), for the use of the first and second grades of parochial schools. There are seven Mary books and five Angel stories, and they are just what children like, being both simple and interesting. Catholic teachers are sure to find these little books very useful in the pious work of combining religion with education.

"The Art of the Exposition" (Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, \$1.50), by Eugen Neuhaus, of the University of California, is written with a critic's fine discrimination between the true and the false in art. While some faults are indicated in the work of individual artists, yet the writer is enthusiastic in his admiration for the general effect of harmony in the work of the architect, sculptor, landscape architect and painter-decorator, and emphatic in declaring that the essential lesson of the Exposition is the lesson of art. This artistic harmony is found to extend to the last detail of the Exposition, the avoidance of glaring white in architecture by the use of the Travertine staff material, the blending of colors

in the work of the landscape architect even down to the cinnamon-colored sand of the asphalted paths, and the drabs, yellows and warm reds of the stalwart guards. The rich mellowness of the lighting effect, as opposed to the offensive glare of the direct light, used in former expositions, is mentioned with special praise.

Charles A. Brackett, D.M.D., Professor of Dental Pathology in Harvard University, contributes to the "Harvard Health Talks" series a useful little volume on "The Care of the Teeth" (Harvard University Press, \$0.50). He advises the reader to be descended, if convenient, from a line of ancestors who have had sound, well-kept teeth, warns parents that little Mildred may be suffering from "malocclusion," and maintains that the micro-organisms in the mouth that cause the decay of teeth are of a vegetable rather than of an animal nature. Besides "the faithful and intelligent use of a brush of proper quality," just after meals or at least before retiring for the night, the author suggests that silk be often drawn between the teeth. He strongly urges the prophylactic use of the dentist, and would have us let him scrub the teeth once a month. Our relations with him would then be most cordial and we would visit his office with the same cheerful serenity we show when we go to the barber's.

EDUCATION

Ibsen in the Class-Room

"IS Ibsen fit reading for Catholic girls?" asks a Catholic teacher. Many kinds of objections occur to me against placing Ibsen in the hands of young Catholic students, literary objections, pedagogical objections, moral and religious objections. Let me state a few of them:

In the first place Ibsen may still be regarded as a contemporary author. Though a contemporary may, now and then, by way of relaxation, be glanced at in the class-room, he should not be studied, nor even brought into prominence there. This does not mean that I have but a poor opinion of current authorship merely because it happens to be new. I do not forget that Homer, Dante and Shakespeare were once, each in his own day, contemporary authors. I deplore the tragic instances, happily few, when worthy authors were denied bread while still living, to be given costly stones after their death. Let us hunt for merit and give it a taste of renown, it is a slight recompense, ere merit becomes only a memory and a name. The laborer is worthy of his hire; it would be unnecessarily cruel and harsh to deprive the industrious hirelings of art of their meed of fame until they are laid away beyond all tasting. But the reading world will take the risk of rounding up its living geniuses without the aid of the school-room. The world of grown-up readers has frequently been at fault in picking among literary entries for immortality, and we cannot look for infallible verdicts in this respect from the mouths of sucklings.

READ THE OLD BOOKS

Young people take a course of literature to be able to sift the grains of wheat from the bushels of contemporary chaff. This capacity of wise and fastidious discernment is best developed by confining their attention, while they are at school, to the classics, that is, to the books upon which successive generations have set the stamp of approval and admiration. Try to keep the young mind in the austere airs, where only the great ones in literature survive, until it gets the hang of genius and can tell the difference between an ivory flute and a tin whistle. Why do people go to school at all if they are to be absorbed in the vast unlettered majority whose Ibsens are all Shakespeares and whose Winston Churchills

are all Thackerays? You cannot make plain to immaturity the difference between the ugly ducklings and the stately swans that float down the currents of literature. You might as well try to tell the child the difference between a real gentleman and a clever imitation. It is a difference that cannot be explained in words of one syllable. And just as companionship with the gentle will breed an instinct, beyond the producing power of magisterial speech, for detecting rudeness, so is long and exclusive familiarity with great books the only source of true instinct in discovering worth amid the shoddy and the indifferently good. Youth, moreover, needs no pedagogical urging in the direction of contemporary letters.

LITTLE "SWEETNESS AND LIGHT"

My second objection to Ibsen is that he is a foreign writer. His works may be masterpieces in the original: it is certain they are not masterpieces in an English translation. Furthermore, translations from the Danish have not equal claims upon the attention of young students with translations from older and more highly developed tongues. Such languages as Latin and Greek, French and Italian, and Spanish, because they have played so large a rôle in civilization, have much to teach, even in translations. The northern speech, of which Ibsen is said to be the first great master, has nothing of message or inspiration which may not profitably be kept back till some later day. In general I have seen little in the gloomy and morbid Scandinavian and Russian literatures which has conspicuously that sweetness and light rightly associated by Matthew Arnold with the best literary productions. The northern literatures have cultivated strength and originality at the cost of cheerfulness, sanity, spirituality and moral delicacy of thought and word.

IBSEN A PAGAN

These are purely pedagogical objections to Ibsen. On artistic, moral and religious grounds he is still more objectionable. Ibsen is not a Christian. No loose interpretation of that abused word allows us to classify him under it. For him there is no Divine Christ, no Redemption, no supernatural life and destiny, no world of angels and saints. For him there is, in one sense of the word, no God. Human society, as it has heretofore existed, is nothing but a congeries of lies and deceptions, systematized by Church and State; a vast, blind, ugly herd of ulcers and old sores. I have said Ibsen is not a Christian: he is not a good sort of pagan. He falls far below the spiritual plane of the old Greeks. In Sophocles and Æschylus the dramatic action is set against a background of impressive and exalting sublimity, a vague, shadowy world of spiritual, overruling presences. Making due allowance for the errors and confusion of thought incident to the supernatural darkness of the age, the philosophy of human life of the best Greek drama is, in its broad outlines, mainly correct; and, because it is correct, it is in the best sense natural and can boast of the dignity and grandeur of its art. Ibsen stands condemned as an aspirant to dramatic fame of the higher kind simply because his plays are wholly lacking in this expansive atmosphere of the spiritual and the unseen. Life, as he chose to view it, has neither truth nor beauty. The defect cripples his art. He seemed to have for a while such a suspicion himself; and in "Peer Gynt" and "Brand" he strove with home-made artifices to lengthen the perspective of life into the region of the spiritual: with grotesque results.

DEPRESSING REALISM

For the most part Ibsen found himself at ease only in a depressing kind of realism. He could not see the upper sur-

face of the cloud on which the light of heaven plays; he chose not to see the silvery edges over which fall cascades of inspiring loveliness; he resolutely studied the under side and reveled in telling us how very dark and black it is. What impulse to higher things is there in the strong dramatic treatment of insanity, hereditary disease, morbid sensuality and selfishness, abnormal and ugly idiosyncrasies of character? And when these phenomena of life are emphasized by undoubted technical skill until the impression is created momentarily that there is nothing else in life except repulsiveness and hopelessness, where is the truth of art? I do not deny that there are ugly things in life. And they have to be faced bravely and studied and overcome by science and religion and the individual will. But art is not needed to call the melancholy facts to our attention, much less to exaggerate their hideousness. In the ordinary course of our day, if it lasts well on toward noon, those facts are not altogether evadable. And, if we desire enlightenment and aid, we have priests and physicians, medical books and religious books, and books on political economy, written by thoughtful students with a delicate sense of responsibility to God and to the public. Ibsen delighted to search for dramatic material amid life's squalid tragedy; but we search in vain in the life and antecedents of the sour, crabbed little Norwegian playwright, who was the object of his wife's pitying and humorous acceptance, for anything which would remotely qualify him as a physician of the body or the soul, of the individual or of society. For the life of me I can see no good, artistic or otherwise, in creating, even for a moment, in the mind of girlhood the impression that the world is a vast pathological ward of physical and mental "cases."

THE ANIMAL OVER-EMPHASIZED

The pervading fault of Ibsen's art, and one which makes it noxious to young and impressionable readers, is its preoccupation with the animal side of man. It would be tragical, indeed, to act for any length of time on the supposition that we were incorporeal spirits. Upon the other hand, I should say it is still more tragical to go on as if we were only a higher kind of brute animal. A dog, who has no mind or free will to get in the way of his natural instincts, can be trusted not to fall below the standards of canine propriety. But an intellectual animal like man can easily fall short of human standards. He can cease being a decent man; nay, a decent animal. And this nadir of cosmic degeneracy is touched whenever a man or a woman thinks of himself or thinks of herself primarily as an animal. A dog, if he have any mode of reflex consciousness, may think of himself merely as an animal and still remain a respectable dog. But a man, who thinks of himself mainly as an animal, will not remain a respectable man. Let him forget that he is more than an animal and at once he becomes less than one. This is an inexorable law. This is a Christian paradox which finds countless illustrations in history and daily life. It is fatal to look at ourselves and at the world with the eyes of the tiger and the ape. It is fatal to our souls: fatal also to our bodies. Our spiritual interests are the safeguards of our animal integrity. To be a decent animal I must be a spiritual man or a spiritual woman. To use my body well I must study the needs of my soul.

Ibsen must be handled gingerly in the presence of the young, to whom, in the words of an old pagan, we owe the greatest reverence. If it is deemed necessary to refer to his wonderful constructive skill in the drama, an explanation of his technical manner need not involve complete immersion in his muddy waters. But will it not be awkward for an educated Catholic girl to have to confess that she is not familiar with Ibsen? I should say that she ought to find it

more awkward to have to confess that she is familiar with him. If she knows the great names of the past, no estimable person will count it against her that she is hazy about Ibsen. If you have the light of the sun at your command, no sensible man will insist upon a rushlight.

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Capital Punishment

CAPITAL punishment still continues to be the topic of the hour. Not long since it was discussed before the New York Constitutional Convention and, as usual, radicals and conservatives took part in the debate, the latter defending the punishment in principle, the former denouncing it as "murder" and "butchery," words which, though indicative of strong emotions rather than of calm judgment, have misled so many that a simple restatement of principles may not be out of place.

THE RIGHT TO TAKE LIFE

To take human life is not *intrinsically* bad. If it were, God Himself would stand convicted of crime, and nations would play the part of Cain every time they waged war, no matter how serious the cause. But does the sovereign State possess such a right? It does. Civil society is not the outgrowth of a social contract or pact of any kind: it is a natural institution, resulting directly from the fact that man spontaneously, instinctively follows a primal instinct or impulse to live in community for the accomplishment of an end to which he has inalienable right. Given men, society follows immediately and naturally, without force or compulsion, physical or moral. Now authority is an essential element of society; the latter connotes the former; one is as natural as the other: their author, therefore, is the same, He who fashioned men as they are, putting into their hearts the impulse to live in community. But the purpose of authority is such a preservation of the social order that the end of the commonwealth can be obtained. For that is it given, to that does it tend, for that it must be exercised. It exists simply and wholly for this purpose; as a consequence it has a right to all means to this end which are not in themselves bad. As we have seen, to take human life is not in itself bad. There is therefore no difficulty on this score. But is it a means to an end?

IS IT A MEANS TO THE END?

What is the end? The end is the good of the majority, to be obtained by the preservation of the social order. This is attained by repressing crime, protecting honest citizens, and restoring the balance of justice upset by the commission of crime. All three elements are obtained by capital punishment, which therefore can be used legitimately by the sovereign State when necessity demands. True, there are those who deny that the chair or the gallows is effective. Statistics are quoted to prove that murder has decreased after the abolition of the death penalty, which, it is said, inspires no terror. Even if true, these statements would not prove the death penalty immoral or useless; the balancing of the equation of justice would still warrant it. Do those who present this argument mean to claim that a man bent on murder is deterred from his nefarious intent by the reflection that capital punishment has been abolished?

AN OBJECTION EXAMINED

Statistics are working both ways at present, but especially in favor of the death penalty. Granted for the sake of the argument that murder has actually decreased in States where

capital punishment has been abolished. What then? The decrease has not been proved to be the outcome of the abolition of the punishment. A thousand and one other elements may have promoted this happy state of affairs. Economic and sociological conditions may have been improved, precautionary measures may have been multiplied, and so on indefinitely. But apart from all this, the logic of the argument employed against capital punishment is scarcely appealing. Can it be that the lesser punishment, imprisonment for a term of years, for instance, accomplishes what the greater punishment fails to do? Are men more easily deterred from murder by fear of imprisonment than by fear of death? Logic and history say no; a certain class of sociologists say yes. But, then, logic is not sentimental and history tells the truth. That men do not fear the electric chair or the gallows is surely remarkable. Why, then, do they cling to life to the last instant, making every appeal for clemency, even though commutation of sentence means a life of solitary confinement? Fear of death drives them to do so; that is the fact. The logic of this fact is not far afield. The deprivation of good is always hard; the pain consequent thereon is proportionate to the value of that which is lost. Some men are driven mad by loss of reputation; others are broken in spirit by loss of fortune; all, even the most manly, suffer something under every loss; such is nature's law. But life is the greatest of all temporal goods; it is the foundation of all others, fortune, health, reputation. Surely if it be natural to shrink from the loss of the lesser good, it is natural to fear the loss of the greatest good, life. Moreover, death at its best is a dreadful punishment; death in disgrace is a heartbreaking infamy, unbearably hard, unlovely in aspect despite the words of sentimentalists, whose emotions are stronger than their ethics.

EMOTIONAL ARGUMENTS

Against all this Scripture is quoted diffusely; but that is not Scripture's defect; the exegetes have taken lessons in a school where words obscure ideas and tears and sobs replace ethics. And words and sobs and tears leave the morality of capital punishment unscathed. It may or may not be expedient, that is not the question; it is not a crime, there is the question, and consequently can be used against murderers, and should be used against them by the sovereign State wherever and whenever the welfare of society requires it.

E. L. T.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"Marie Odile," a play most objectionable to Catholics, which had a long run in New York, though, it is whispered, at a financial loss, goes "on the road" early in September. It will be interesting to see what attitude the Catholics in our other cities will take toward the production. London Catholics are not proportionately numerous, but they seem to be an energetic set for they protested vigorously against "Marie Odile's" continuance and after a short run the play was removed. From Kansas, too, comes the good news that the State Board of Censors found "Charlie" Chaplin's moving picture films unfit for presentation. But thousands of American Catholics no doubt are still paying for the privilege of laughing immoderately at his low vulgarities.

In a recent number of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Mary Roberts Rinehart pays a worthy tribute to the French and Belgian priests whom she had seen in the war zone:

No article on the work of the Red Cross in France can be complete without a reference to the work of these priests, not perhaps affiliated with the society, but doing yeoman work of service among the wounded. They are everywhere,

in the trenches or at the outposts, in the hospitals and hospital trains, in hundreds of small villages, where the entire community plus its burden of wounded turns to the *curé* for everything, from advice to the Sacrament.

In prostrate Belgium the demands on the priests have been extremely heavy. Subjected to insult, injury and even death during the German invasion, where in one diocese alone thirteen were put to death—their churches destroyed, or used as barracks by the enemy—that which was their world has turned to chaos about them. Those who remained with their conquered people have done their best to keep their small communities together and to look after their material needs—which has, indeed, been the lot of the priests of battle-scarred Flanders for many generations.

Others have attached themselves to the hospital service. All the Belgian trains of wounded are cared for solely by these priests, who perform every necessary service for their men.

Mrs. Rinehart is not a Catholic, but she can appreciate heroic unselfishness, and devotion to duty. Will the governments that outlawed priests who were religious, and then welcomed them back in the shock of war, make their home-coming permanent?

Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis has suggested to the pastors of his diocese an annual collection for the St. Vincent de Paul local conferences to be given to the poor of the city, and that a Thanksgiving Day special Mass would be a fitting occasion for such a collection, thus combining charity with thankfulness. This would make our National day of Thanksgiving mean more to Catholics than it does at present, for the religious element is far in the background. Catholic countries have always had their day of Thanksgiving for good crops, and other temporal blessings.

The appointment of a famous Harvard athlete to the distinguished position of a football coach in one of our American colleges leads the New York *Sun* to make an apposite suggestion:

In view of the considerable number of young gentlemen from the innumerable American colleges and universities who make coaching their profession, should not new sheepskins, Bachelor of Football, Bachelor of Baseball, Bachelor of Rowing, Bachelor of Track Athletics, and so on, be issued? Moreover, shouldn't these highly modern and monumentally influential professions be rewarded with appropriate honorary doctorates on commencement day?

The flattery showered on the diamond and gridiron heroes by enthusiasts in and out of college halls makes the mere winning of academic honors seem incidental to college life.

John L. Davie is Mayor of Oakland, Cal. His esthetic sense is blunted, and he gives grave offense to Californians by his lack of artistic appreciation. He also forgets the very salient truth that a public office is a public trust, that the City Hall is not deeded to him in fee simple just because he has been called by the will of the people to be their servant. The *Monitor* tells of his trouble:

The public should be told that the Mayor of Oakland, if permitted to continue in the project he has announced, will bring down upon his city, and incidentally upon California—which, though incidental, is a graver aspect of the case—the laughter or the scorn of the rest of the country. This project is to remove from the wall of the Mayor's office in the City Hall in Oakland a mural painting by Frank Van Sloun, part of a lunette which decorates that room, and which has for its subject-matter aspects of early California history. The picture in question portrays the Indian and Mission period. In it Frank Van Sloun introduces the figure of a Franciscan Friar. He could no more help doing this than a painter portraying the history of Massachusetts could avoid introducing a Pilgrim Father. But it appears that the Mayor of Oakland, formerly a leader in the gutter movement known as the A. P. A., objects to this picture and proposes to substitute for it a copy of "Washington Crossing the Delaware.

Mayor Davie not only outrages the feelings of Catholics by his act—as he specifically intends—but he insults the taste and intelligence of every citizen of Oakland, of every true Californian from Siskiyou to San Diego and from the deserts to the sea, when he seeks to destroy in a public edifice the symbol of the historical beginnings of our State. What would happen to a Boston mayor, we wonder, if he began to pitch into the street the pictures of Plymouth Rock and the Pilgrim Fathers?

Public opinion has to be reckoned with by every public servant. It was public opinion that changed John L. Davie from a private citizen into the Mayor of Oakland. It would be well for him not to outrage public opinion. If he has sense he will leave undisturbed the Mission Mural in Oakland's City Hall.

A bulletin just issued by the U. S. Bureau of Education describes the training of children in the Indianapolis schools:

The practice in the Indianapolis schools is to help the pupil to understand the nature of his own community life, his dependence upon it, and his responsibility for it; to develop a right attitude toward government as the means by which all members of the community may cooperate for the common interest; and to cultivate habits of right action as a member of the community.

Civics is not taught as a separate subject until the eighth grade, but civic education is a phase of all the work of the school. The aim seems to be to make of education, not a process of instruction in a variety of subjects, but a process of growth, during which the various relations of life are unfolded.

Incidentally it is mentioned that there is no subject of moral education in these schools. If the various "relations of life" are unfolded in this educational scheme, what of the child's relation to its Creator? Surely great citizens are not to be expected from children who are never taught whence the State gets its authority.

The public press is giving a great deal of space to Mexico these days. A year has brought about a change of front that is nothing short of marvellous. Editorials have appeared on the Mexican question in all or nearly all our papers. The following from the Hartford *Courant* is typical:

Material losses by Americans through German submarine ravages or by British seizures are insignificant compared with the tremendous losses that Americans have suffered in Mexico—great enterprises involving millions abandoned, brigands holding up those that try to continue, trade stopped, and Americans themselves told that they belong at home and should return or else take what's coming to them.

If Huerta, recognized as president by all the other important nations, had been recognized by ours, too, he would long ago have buried or expatriated his enemies and have established order, the same kind of order that old Diaz maintained, namely keep still or be shot, Mexican order.

If we ever do go into Mexico to set things right, we first of all will find all factions against us, and, second, we'll find all the American republics against us worrying over our schemes of extension, unless we have the sense to invite them to a conference first and to join us in the pacification. South of the Rio Grande we are not loved over much and we can not afford to increase the strain.

The blood tale of unhappy Mexico was told and retold by the Catholic press all during last year. The murder of priests, and citizens, the violation of nuns, the cry of hungry children was of more concern to the Catholic press than material losses. But the Catholic press stood alone in the crusade. One New York paper gave a portion of its magazine section to the Mexican situation, and then discountenanced the testimony of the writer, though most of it was sworn testimony, in its editorial page. What explains the change of front? Is it merely that American dollars are in danger, and that strikes the American press more intimately than the danger to human lives?